

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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ONE HUNDRED GOOD THINGS

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Four

THE VISION OF AXEL MUNTHE DISCIPLE OF ST FRANCIS

The Song of the Birds
Through the Darkest Night
HOW THE DAY BROKE

"I must write to The Times about it," says someone, and a new movement is launched, a secret injustice is made known, a joke is shared, a bit of knowledge is crystallised.

The letters in our big brother The Times are always interesting, often momentous, and sometimes witty (like the one the other day which told us of Lord Melbourne raising another man's hat to a lady because it was too cold to raise his own); but never, we think, have we read a letter more sublimely moving than one appearing in its columns the other day.

A Paradise For Birds

It was from Axel Munthe, the Swedish doctor in whose honour Capri has been made a bird sanctuary by Signor Mussolini. He found the island spread with nets, a paradise for the bird-catcher, and by his writing, his example, and his powerful personality he has not only turned Capri into a sanctuary and a paradise for birds, but has become the great champion of birds and all forlorn defenceless creatures everywhere, a follower in the footsteps of the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

His letter to The Times was to thank all his unmet friends in England who had written to congratulate him on the success of the recent operation which gave him back his sight.

I did not know I had so many friends (he wrote). I am under no delusion as to whom I have to thank for this friendship. I owe it all to our mutual friends the birds.

A Ray of Light

And then, in these visionary words, this wonderful man went on to say that lately he has wondered whether he does not owe his very life and sight also to the birds.

This is from his letter:

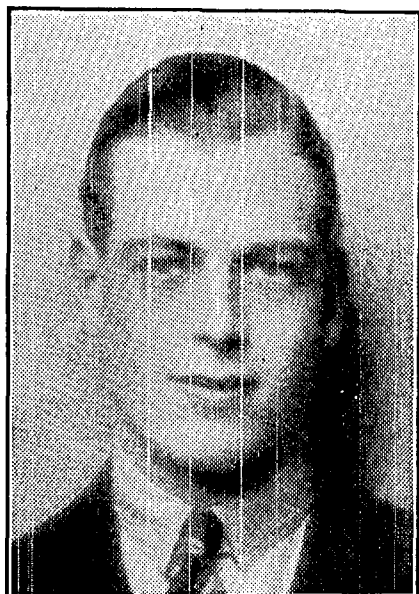
The night after my operation was full of torment. I had been operated on by a master hand, but my fate was uncertain. My head was exhausted by insomnia, my courage was beginning to flag, for man gets his courage during his sleep. My thoughts were as dark as the night around me, the night I well knew might never come to an end.

Suddenly a ray of light flashed from my tired brain down to my very heart. I remembered all at once that it was the "giorno santo," the anniversary of St Francis of Assisi, the life-long friend who had never forsaken me in the hour of need. The day of St Francis! I heard the fluttering of wings over my head and far, far away the soft, silvery chime of the bells I knew so well. The pale Umbrian saint,

It Has Been Their Year



The King and Queen



The Duke and Duchess of Kent

This has been the year of a Lover and his Lass, and the whole of our race has shared a joyous hour with the King and Queen and Prince George and Princess Marina. See page 6.

the friend of all forlorn creatures on this Earth, stood by my side in his torn cassock just as I had so often seen him on the frescoed walls of his dim chapel when my eyes could see.

Swift-winged birds fluttered and sang around his head, others fed from his outstretched hands, others nestled fearlessly among the folds of his cassock.

The fear that had haunted me so long left my tormented brain, and a wonderful stillness and peace fell over me. I knew I was safe. I knew that the Giver of Light was having mercy on me and would let me see again His beautiful world.

"The day is breaking," whispered the nurse.

The frescoed chapel to which the doctor refers is the lovely chapel in Florence which John Ruskin loved so well; but John Ruskin himself, master of beautiful prose, wrote nothing surpassing the tender beauty of this vision of Axel Munthe.

BRAIN WAVES THE BODY AS A RESERVOIR OF SUNLIGHT

What is Being Discovered in
an American Laboratory

1000 EXAMINATIONS

A new kind of brain wave comes from across the Atlantic.

In a darkened laboratory an animal brain gave forth a faint greenish glow. When the flask in which the brain had been preserved in the proper liquid was shaken the portion of brain became still more luminous.

Dr George Crile, in whose laboratory at Cleveland this and other experiments with animal tissue have been carried on, explained the glow by saying that the sun shines again in the protoplasm of animals. In other words, what the sunlight gives the body, either directly or through food, is given out again.

By the use of extraordinarily sensitive electrical instruments he has measured the quantity and quality of the light given out by different kinds of animal tissue, or protoplasm.

Infra-Red and Ultra-Violet

In the experiments it has been shown that the radiations are of different wavelengths of light. Thus, according to one of Dr Crile's assistants, the radiation emitted by brain tissue includes not only visible light but infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

By adding various chemicals to the vessel containing the brain tissue the luminescence was increased or decreased.

This gives some insight into the action of drugs on the human system. Those that stop or decrease radiation are more or less poisonous. Anaesthetics which decrease it are in that sense poisons, and the effect they produce seems to show that certain infra-red or ultra-violet rays are a necessity of consciousness.

The ductless glands evidently stimulate radiation. This was shown by introducing thyroxin and adrenalin, the chemical substances corresponding with the products of two of the ductless glands, into the brain solution. Alcohol decreased radiation.

Two Glands

Apart from the interest of the experiments in showing that the energy of animals is supplied by a second radiation within their system of the bottled sunlight they have taken in with their food, the stimulation by thyroxin and adrenalin casts light on the part played by the thyroid and adrenal glands.

Examination of the tissues of more than 1000 animals has shown that in animals where reserves of energy had suddenly to be called on, as with the lion and the tiger, there was more demand for adrenalin, the product of the adrenal glands.

In man, where there was a demand for sustained energy, the thyroid gland had the more important part to play, and was consequently larger than the adrenal.

A RIDE IN CHINA

Very topical, with its ice and snow, is the description of a ride we have just read.

It took five days over the hills, sometimes 8000 feet above sea-level. Often the track skirted a precipice. Fog, bitter winds, ice, snow—and rumours of brigands. The traveller was a Methodist missionary in Yunnan.

To make matters worse the usual inn is like a filthy cattle shed, "so filthy that no respectable farmer in England would keep his cattle in it."

Cows, pigs, fowls, sheep, rats, and insects keep the traveller company.

One day the missionary complained about the tribes of beetles that had made his night horrible.

"Why!" exclaimed mine host, "you should be delighted to see them. They keep the bugs away."

Truly there is always something to be thankful for.

THE ARMY OF PEACE

IT IS TAKING ROOT

Men and Women Who Are Putting Their Back Into It

STORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS

Talking, writing, voting, and hoping for Peace are all good things, and we rejoice that they are all going on.

The C.N., however, has a deep respect for those young men and women of all ages for whom these forms of expression are not enough—those who want to put their back into it all in some practical way, those who want to sweat and go hungry and sleepless and get stiff and sore for peace, to give as much of themselves for peace as soldiers do for war.

We welcome with joy the extension in England of that splendid Continental organisation, Le Service Civil Volontaire International, which has at last taken root in our land as the International Voluntary Service for Peace.

The Brynmawr Idea

"By their works ye shall know them" applies very aptly to the S.C.V.I., which has been known in our country ever since 1931, when young men and women came from all over Europe to work with pickaxe and spade making a park and a swimming-bath for Brynmawr, in the heart of the distressed coal-mining area of South Wales. Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss engineer and organiser of the movement, was in charge of the party which did so much to put new life into Brynmawr.

Pierre is now in India with Joe Wilkinson opening a new service to help to clear and rebuild the Bihar earthquake area. Frazer Hoyland has just gone out to join them and others will follow. They will do something that conservative opinion says cannot be done by white men—work alongside Indians at manual tasks in clearing, digging, and building. "The lowest sort of work!" people say, horrified, but to these believers all work that stands for life is noble; they are proud to be able to give themselves body and soul to building-up.

A Spirit of Friendship

Their aim is "to create a spirit of friendship and a constructive attitude toward peace among all peoples by giving help on the occasion of natural catastrophes or in carrying out work of public utility." They want to provide training in mutual help, voluntary discipline and comradeship, and to offer a peaceful alternative for the spirit of patriotism that hitherto has found its chief outlet in military service.

Regional groups have now been formed for London and the South, the Merseyside, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Tyneside. Interest is also keen in Middlesbrough, Hull, Birmingham, Wales, and Scotland. Professor John Harvey of the University of Leeds is serving as link between the regional groups as well as internationally.

A Big Scheme

A force of 30 men and 4 women worked through the summer at Oakengates in Shropshire making a peace memorial in the form of a recreation ground on the site of an old mine dump. It is a big scheme. Paul Meylan, a Swiss watchmaker and an I.V.S.P. enthusiast, has carried on alone since October, holding things together until the Christmas holidays allowed a full service to reopen there for a few weeks. No one, of course, is paid for this work, so it has to be fitted in to free time. Public donations usually provide the food, and when a service is going full-tilt ahead there is plenty of enthusiastic support from the neighbourhood. Paul Meylan alone has been befriended by the Vicarage, so that he has not had to worry.

It is all splendid work for the country and for our manhood perishing for want of work, and we can all help it on by sending a subscription, from half a crown up, to the I.V.S.P., 1 Lyddon Terrace, Leeds 2; or, for the London area, to Mr George Brammer, 21 Regent's Park Terrace, London, N.W.

POWER ACROSS THE WORLD

The Marvellous New Way of Launching Ships

HOW IT IS DONE

In the City Hall in Brisbane, Queensland, the Duke of Gloucester said, "I name you Orion."

A moment later the people on the launching platform at the bows of the new Orient liner Orion in the shipyard at Barrow-in-Furness heard a high-pitched wireless signal note, and at the sound the huge mass of the vessel on the building slip moved slowly down the slipway. The Duke of Gloucester, 11,000 miles away in Australia, had launched a ship in England.

Twice this seeming miracle of an Empire broadcast across the world was performed as the Old Year was closing, for Lord Bledisloe had launched a ship from New Zealand just before. It is simplicity itself when we know how it is done, and we no longer marvel when the voice of the King or his son is heard as clearly all over the world as if the listener were in the room where the words were spoken.

An Invisible Link

The first link of this chain was the invisible wireless one between the sending station at Rugby and the Perous wireless station near Sydney, for the first signal that all was ready. The signal was sent to Rugby from Barrow by land line. At Sydney a land line took it on to Brisbane to the City Hall, where the Duke of Gloucester waited.

As he named the ship and added his good wishes the line took his words back to Sydney; from there was another wireless leap over land and ocean to Baldock, Herts; and Baldock sent it on by land telephone to the ship platform at Barrow. As the Duke said the last word of his little speech he pulled back a small switch and it released the electric signal which, flying over the same path as his spoken word, reappeared on the slip platform as the signal note. The people heard it. It seemed as if the ship heard it too, for the great Orion at its sound slipped into the water, where some time next year she will follow the sound on her way to Australia.

TWO CENTURIES

Congratulations to Mrs Elizabeth Clayton of Forest Gate, London, and to Mr Stephen Salter of Pondwell, near Ryde, for each has scored a century.

Mrs Clayton has never been to a cinema. Perhaps she thinks it a waste of time, for this active old lady, who started housekeeping more than 80 years ago, still does her own cooking and cleaning.

Mr Salter must often look back with pride on the days when Oxford beat Cambridge nine years in succession, for he built the boats used by the Oxford crew.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN

Joseph Maggs, who has died at Bournemouth, was a Punch and Judy showman for more than 60 years.

He was the last of a family who had been Punch and Judy showmen for two centuries.

To imitate Mr Punch's voice must have been second nature to Joseph. When he was ten he was already working a Punch and Judy show. By the time he was 14 he was touring the country, with only Dog Toby as a companion, as a successful showman.

THE COW THAT WOULD SEE THE WORLD

The cow that jumped over the Moon could not have caused more astonishment than a bullock of Westhoughton, Lancashire, which suddenly decided that it wanted to see the world.

It jumped a wall six feet high as if this were all in the day's work, eluded its pursuers, and ran eight miles to Kenyon.

FILM RUBBISH

HOW TO STOP IT

An Archbishop Leads the Way For 16 Million People

CLEANER KINEMAS IN U.S.A.

While there is yet time a protest has been made in the United States, the ancestral home of the film, against the spread of the film's undesirable descendants.

How necessary the protest has become is shown by the instant and remarkable response of thousands of churches and millions of people to the appeal launched by Cardinal Hayes, Roman Catholic Archbishop of the New York diocese.

The Archbishop caused to be read in St Patrick's Cathedral and in churches throughout the country a message deploring the low estate to which the screen had fallen and its glorification of crime and shame in sensational pictures.

Force of Public Opinion

He asked the congregation to pledge themselves not to attend cinemas where a number of films mentioned by name and notoriously immoral were performed. This appeal has been accepted and endorsed throughout America (16 millions pledging themselves against bad films), and we cannot doubt that the silent but steady pressure of public opinion thus expressed will have its effect in suppressing the performance of disgraceful pictures, not only now but in the future.

Next to the wireless the cinema is the most important means of influencing opinion, taste, and, we believe, morality. Because of its universal influence, especially on unformed minds, it must be kept decent and of good report. Familiarity with pictures that are neither breeds indifference to their effect.

It is time that every country followed the Cardinal's lead, and the C.N. appeals to its readers to discourage rubbishy and unpleasant films by staying away from the cinemas which show them.

SHARING THE WORK

Italy Tries the 40-Hour Week

A GREAT EXPERIMENT FOR 1935

Italy long ago proposed a general 40-hour week throughout the world to absorb the unemployed.

She has now instituted the scheme in her own territory, and it is to be tried out for an experimental period ending next April.

Over 1,700,000 men are affected, including those in the metallurgical trades, silk weavers, cotton spinners, and textile manufacturers. The scheme includes:

A 40-hour week

Abolition of overtime

Substitution of men for women workers wherever possible

Inclusion of unemployed in industry.

In cases where working hours are reduced remuneration is to be reduced proportionately.

For the purpose of supplementing the reduced earnings of workers with large families a National Family Allowances Compensation Fund is to be established. To this fund the employer and the worker are each to contribute at the rate of one per cent of the wage for hours worked up to 40 a week and five per cent of the wage for hours worked in excess of 40 a week.

The National Federations of employers and workers are also to investigate the employment of women and children, with a view to their replacement by adult male workers.

THE L.M.S. GARDEN

In the 1934 L.M.S. competition for the best station garden 343 railway stations competed, and the four principal prizes have been won by Berkeley Road in Gloucestershire, Broxton in Cheshire, Knighton in Radnorshire, and Walthamstow in Essex.

PIED PIPER OF U.S.A.

The Mouth-Organ Orchestra

CAREER OF A BOSTON BOY

Is a mouth-organ a toy or a musical instrument?

This great question is rending America. The Musician's Union insists that it is a toy and denies membership in its ranks to even the most accomplished mouth-organists, yet Borrah Minevitch can earn £600 a week with his mouth-organ orchestra any time he wants to go on the road, and can pack theatres from one end of the land to the other. About twenty years ago he was the mouth-organ newsboy of Boston, ragged and penniless; today he is the Pied Piper of American boyhood.

"Every boy loves a mouth-organ," was the idea from which Borrah started. The simple instrument had become the stepchild of music; he would bring it into its own. He brought together a motley throng of players and made a mouth-organ orchestra. They play complicated pieces and have taken the country by storm. Over 30 million mouth-organs are being sold every year, depression or no.

Mr Minevitch has recently opened a mouth-organ school, which goes by the grand title of The Harmonica Institute of America, in Rockefeller Centre, New York. His institute now has over 125,000 members. He teaches them the fundamentals of mouth-organ playing and the rudiments of band harmony in four lessons; after that the boys work out their own problems.

Borrah Minevitch's is a wonderful story of the rise from rags to riches by the application of individual initiative to the problem of how to give pleasure to boys.

CYMBELINE

A Little Show in Bloomsbury

An exhibition at the British Museum of Roman history in Britain laid bare by the excavations at Colchester shows us how much we have learned in this century of what happened in England 20 centuries ago.

More is known now of life in Britain under the Romans and of the intertwined civilisation of Romans and Britons than was ever known before. The Britons were not woad-painted barbarians, but had a culture borrowed from and exchanged with neighbouring Gaul as well as with Ireland.

The period at the British Museum is that of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, known to the Romans as Cunobelinus. It was at the beginning of the Christian era when the Emperor Claudius ruled in Rome.

At that time, as the photographs make clear, Cymbeline's capital of Colchester was defended by huge dykes. When at last the Romans possessed it they brought their own iron billhooks, spades, and swords into a land which was still largely in the Bronze Age.

The Romans had bronze as well, and both metals are represented in the exhibition as well as the pottery which the Britons made or imported before that time from Gaul or from Italy afterwards.

THINGS SAID

Put the War Office in the British Museum. Lady Gladstone

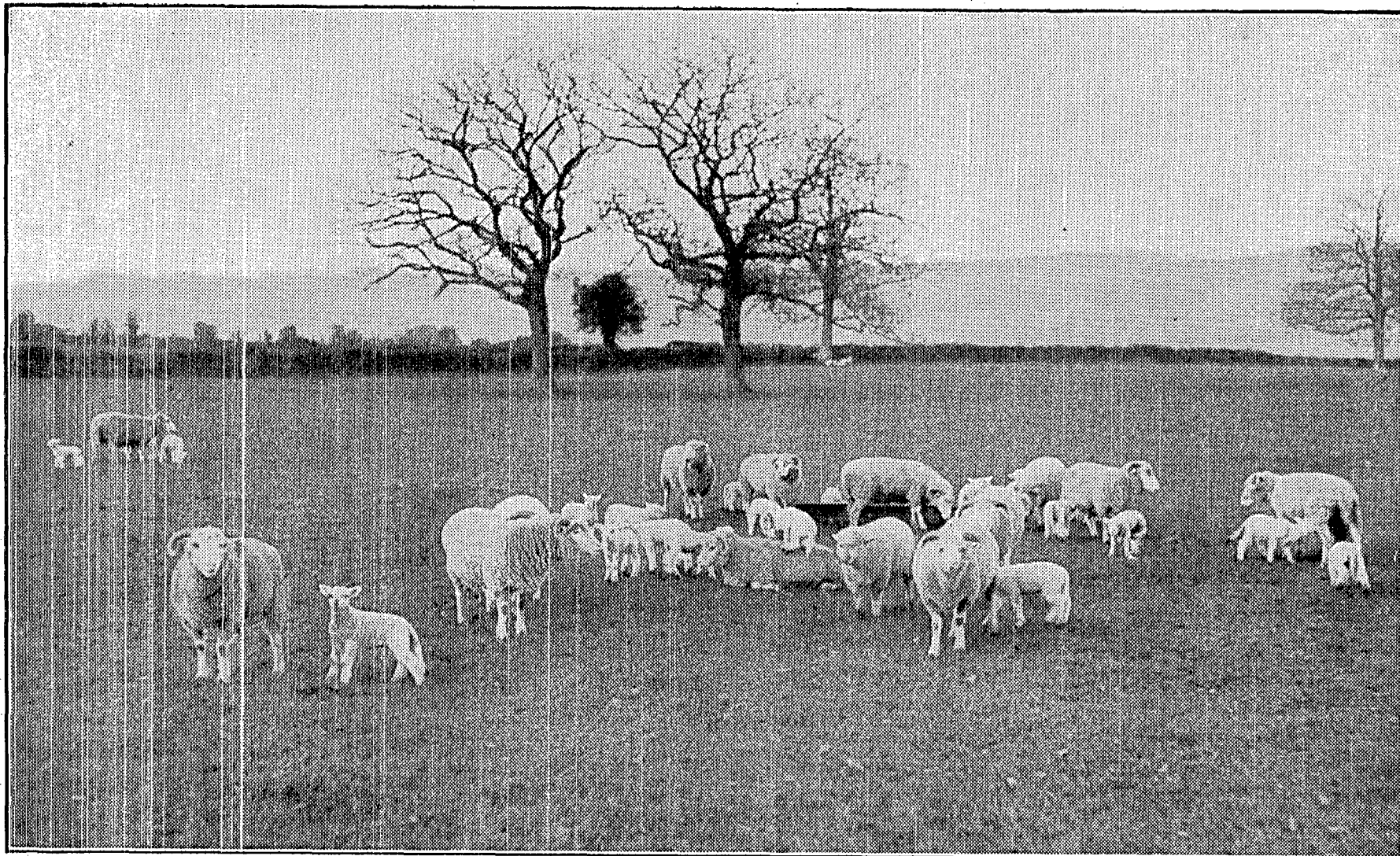
This ladder is not unlucky.

A notice on one in London

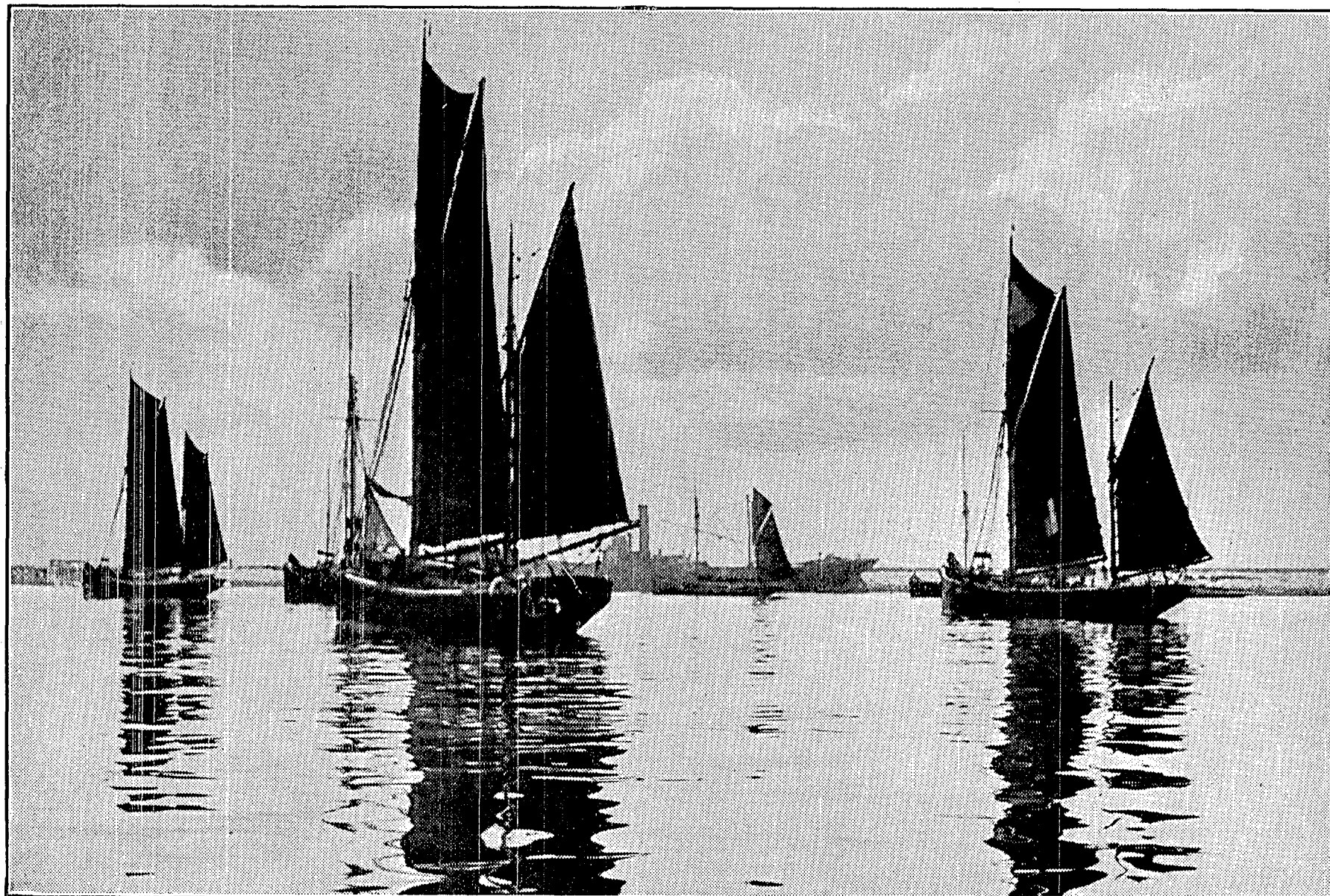
I like my fun as much as anyone, but I like it clean. The Prince of Wales

In the next generation I think it will not be worth while for a newspaper to tell a lie. Mr J. B. Atkins

CALM WINTER DAYS—KENT FARM AND DEVON HARBOUR



Kent—December lambs take their first peep at the world from a farm at Westerham



Devon—Trawlers ready to set sail from Brixham, a picturesque fishing-port in Tor Bay which is well known to holidaymakers

One Hundred Good Things of the Old Year

The world is not nearly so bad as the newspapers make it; for them bad news is good news. The great sensation, the gathering clouds of fear and war, the terrible calamity, all fill the columns of the papers,

which have little room for that unending stream of small things which lead to great events and in the end are more powerful than all the passing excitements looming so large in headlines. Here we look back

on a hundred good things which have happened in 1934. It is worth while thinking about them when we put down our daily paper feeling that the world is full of trouble and always getting worse and worse.

THERE are more people at work in this country than ever before, and trade is beginning to recover.

Trade in this country has been better and better every month of the year except one.

A scheme for cheap milk for every child in elementary schools has been established.

The Cathedral Pilgrimage raised over £10,000 for unemployed.

A definite beginning has been made with the work of redeeming our derelict areas; the Government has appointed Commissioners, Surrey has adopted a town, and Seven-oaks has adopted a village.



General Smuts

A self-supporting community of unemployed has been started at Upholland, near Wigan, by Peter Scott, who gave new life to Brynmawr.

The Foundling Site has been saved for the children of London and a new children's park opened in Lambeth.

Middlesex Hospital, which was falling down a few years ago, has been built up and set free from debt.

The Gardens Fund for nurses has raised a record sum of over £12,000.

THERE has been a remarkable rise in British securities, a certain sign of our financial strength.

Life is quieter and sleep easier in our cities with the motor-horn abolished in the night hours.

The pedestrian has been given a new status in the streets, and it is easier and safer to cross the road.

We have had one of the most wonderful summers in our lifetime.

The B.B.C. has opened its new Droitwich station with a range covering the whole country.

The whole nation has been delighted and lifted up by the enthusiasm over the wedding of the King's son, one of the happiest events of our time.

About a thousand new houses have been built for every weekday.

Freedom has been given to British wild birds, which cannot now be offered for sale alive.

For the first time the Queen was able to buy a nonflammable doll at the British Industries Fair, the Bexoid doll.

Marconi has invented a new device for steering a ship in a fog.

A gallant army of 150 men have given themselves to Toc H for work among the lepers.

The number of wireless licences in this country is nearly seven millions.

Crude oil is being used more widely for motoring, and its unpleasantness has been overcome.

A camp fire sing-song of Admiral Byrd's men in the Antarctic was broadcast, and everywhere was heard the singing of God Save the King.

AFTER 25 years of research a colour film has been invented which can be used in any film camera; it is nonflammable.

The British Colour Council has standardised colours and their names.

All new motor-drivers from last April are to be tested officially.

It has been made quite clear that the nation is behind the Government in giving self-government to India.

The Government has decided to deal with overcrowding in houses as well as with slums.

The Treasury has exempted Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic theatres from the entertainment tax.

The idea of setting streets free from traffic for children to play in has begun to spread itself far and wide.

The Transport Board has taken over the traffic of 2000 square miles, with five railways, 22 tramways, 62 bus companies; it runs 12,000 vehicles, carries 3500 million passengers a year, and has a staff of 70,000.

There has been a big development of great arterial roads, one giving us for the first time a worthy approach to the London Docks.

A real beginning has been made to stop the ribbon development of our great roads, and to put in force the powers that have been neglected for 25 years.

The Autogiro has been used for taking and delivering mails from the roofs of London buildings, and for solving traffic problems in the City.

The Mersey Tunnel has been opened, one of the most remarkable highways under any river in the world.

A speed of 100 miles an hour has been reached by a train from Leeds to London.

The greatest Atlantic liner has been safely launched, the Queen Mary, of about 80,000 tons.

The decisive work has been accomplished in making a 200-inch lens for the biggest telescope in the world.

THE national memorial to Captain Scott has been completed with the opening of the Polar Institute.

Two magnificent libraries have been opened by the King at Manchester and Cambridge.

The experimental agricultural station at Rothamsted has been set on a prosperous foundation.

Much progress has been made with the widening and deepening of the Grand Union Canal joining Birmingham and London.

Our English players have acquitted themselves with high credit in sport.

The number of nights on which dog-racing can take place has been limited, and the betting and lottery law has been made clear.

The Post Office has made more profit than in any other year.

A 4th-century Greek manuscript of the New Testament, the Codex Sinaiticus, has been bought for the nation for £100,000.

The United States is adopting our system of unemployment insurance.

ABEGINNING has been made with cheaper telephones, and we can telephone anywhere in the country for a shilling at night.

The National Trust has received into its keeping many new viewpoints, especially in Dovedale.

John Ruskin's house has been given to the nation and opened as a museum.

Wales has bought Sir Henry Jones's cottage, putting Shoemaker, Teacher, and Good Citizen over the door.

Somerset has taken a great step in freeing its roads from advertisements.

The drought awakened the public to the need for a national water supply and a national survey is to be made.

An opera-house has been built in the Sussex countryside at Glyndebourne.

One of the best films of the year, Man of Aran, has also been one of the most successful.

There has been a wide movement for cleaner films in the United States, 16,000,000 people pledging themselves against vulgar ones.

London's County Council is putting a stop to Aunt Sally petrol stations, forbidding flashing lamps, and regulating petrol advertisements.

The railways have returned to the old basis of penny-a-mile fares.

ONE of the biggest and two of the smallest nations have joined the League: Russia, Afghanistan, Ecuador.

The League of Nations has given itself new prestige by its rapid settlement of a war crisis in East Europe.

For the first time in history a complete embargo on the supply of arms to fighting armies has been set up against Bolivia and Paraguay.

There has been a steady but universal growth of feeling against war; the only serious difference of opinion is as to the best way to avoid it.

For the first time in history an International Police Force has been made up from European armies under the control of the League of Nations.

The wonderful speech of General Smuts, stating the British view of the world today and the urgency of preserving liberty, has made a tremendous impression on the world.

There has been a notable growth of friendlier feeling between France and Germany.

A pact of peace has been signed in the Balkans between Turkey, Rumania, Greece, and Yugo-Slavia, guaranteeing the security of all their frontiers.

Four races which were fighting at Niagara 100 years ago (England, United States, France, and Red Indians) have set up there a Fort of Peace.

Our long-standing fishery dispute with Norway has been settled.

The bitterness between Germany and Poland has given way to a friendly treaty between them.

America is cooperating freely with the League, and is growing more friendly to the idea of joining it.

London has seen a new kind of light in its streets, clear, flickerless, cheap.

RUSSIA has taken several steps to end her isolation in Europe.

The spirit of freedom and the claim to the right of private judgment has begun to assert itself in Germany.

The struggle of the German Church for freedom from political domination has been crowned with success.

An international convention has been drawn up to protect animals and plants in Africa.

South Africa has paid off the last penny of her War Debt to the Mother Country.

The political parties of South Africa have joined together with enthusiasm for the development of the country.

America has given independence to the Philippines.

Brazil has made its dictator a constitutional president, and the Constitution declares that it will never make aggressive war, and never go to war until arbitration has failed.

AT the end of his second year of office the American people have immensely strengthened the position of President Roosevelt.

Five thousand birthday parties in America raised £200,000 for President Roosevelt to fight infantile paralysis, which he himself has overcome.

The great bridge across the Zambesi has been finished in South Africa, the world's longest railway bridge over a river, 11,650 feet.

Russia accomplished a remarkable rescue of 100 castaways marooned on an icefloe; there have been few more thrilling adventures for airmen.

TURKEY has made wonderful progress; all Turks are to have names, all private uniforms are to be abolished, and great factories have been built.

Three Englishmen have marched across the ice-cap of Greenland exploring for an Arctic air-route to Canada.

Admiral Byrd has explored 200,000 square miles of Antarctica by plane.

Italian airmen have reached the remarkable speed of 440 miles an hour.

Two ships have been launched in England by wireless from Australia and New Zealand.

For the first time in history an aeroplane has flown from England to India in one day.

The Pacific has been flown for the first time from Australia to America by Kingsford Smith.

A Zeppelin service has been established between Germany and Brazil.

Pictures of events in Australia have been received in London the same day.

Australia has been brought within three days flight of England.

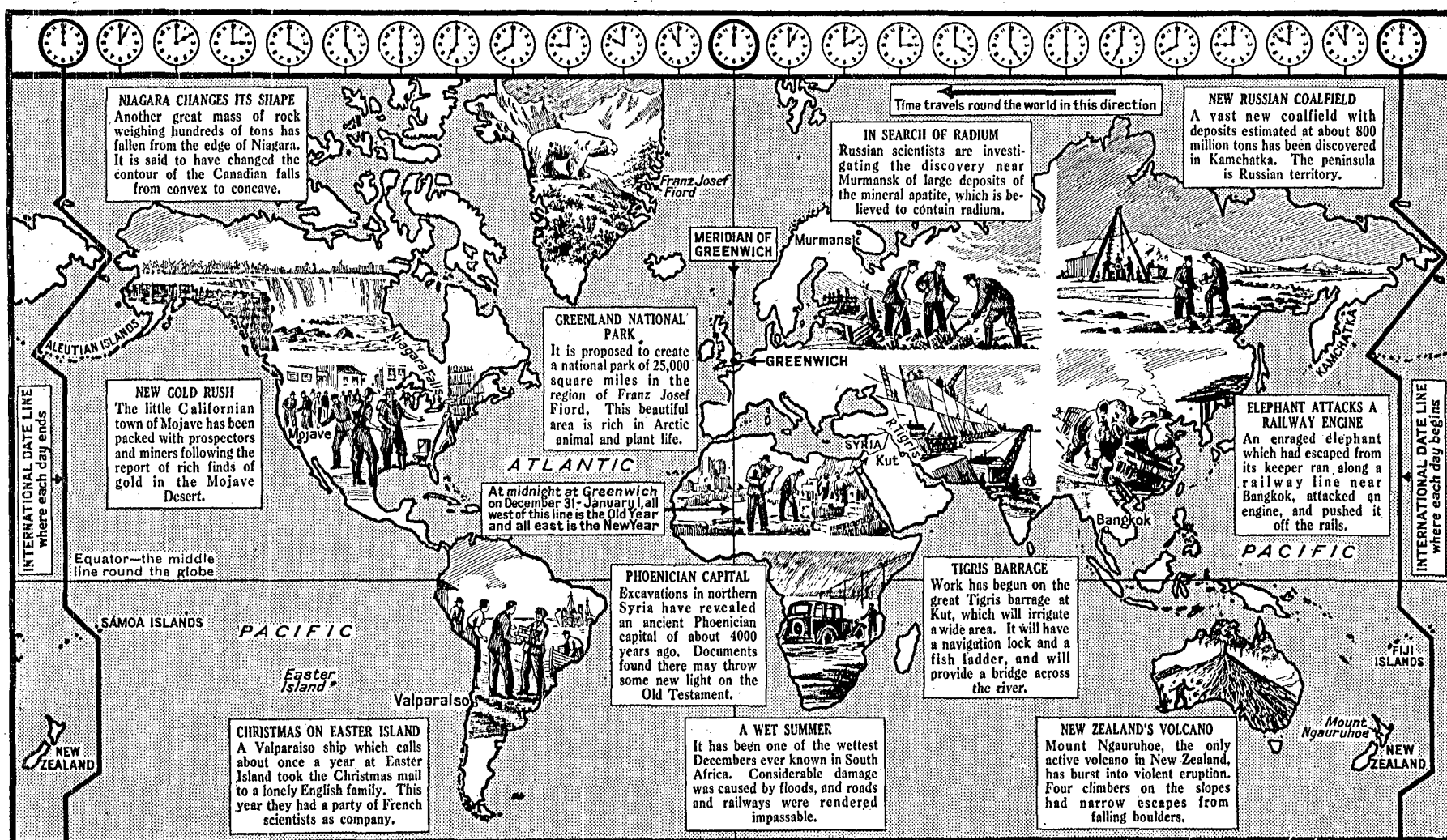
A regular airmail from London to Australia has been established.

The Post Office has decided to carry mails by air wherever it is quicker.



President Roosevelt

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS

The World's Time Zones

The world is divided into 24 equal zones of 15 degrees, in each of which there is a Standard Time based on Greenwich.

The clocks at the top of the C.N. World Map show the times in the various zones when it is noon at Greenwich. At sea these time zones are regular, except for the International Date Line areas, where each day begins; but on land the boundaries of the zones are varied somewhat so as to include in the same zone areas which are closely connected for commercial purposes.

It is at the International Date Line that the Old Year ends and the New Year begins.

THE WATERS RETURN TO BABYLONIA

Time in its turning is bringing back after 3000 years the great days of Babylon and Nineveh.

In the days of their greatness the land about the Tigris and the Euphrates was made fertile by irrigation. In the last month of this year King Ghazi inaugurated the construction of the barrage across the Tigris at Kut which is part of the scheme of irrigation of the Iraq Government.

The barrage at Kut will wipe out some unhappy memories of the place where General Townsend was shut up by the Turks. It is part of a Five Years Plan which we hope will prove to be successful.

The Tigris barrage and lock, together with a canal, will help to irrigate an immense area with rare promises of wheat, maize, and cotton. Another part of the plan is to divert the spring flood of the Euphrates into a lake and by an additional canal running toward Bagdad to water about 120,000 acres. When these are in operation another dam will be erected on the River Djalal so as to form a reservoir, like that at Assuan on the Nile, to bring yet another 1500 acres under cultivation.

See World Map

MIDDLESEX MOVING Finding Useful Work To Do

Middlesex County Council is spending no less than £5,250,000 on draining West Middlesex, with an area of 160 square miles.

As much as £4,500,000 of this sum is granted by the Unemployment Grants Committee, and much labour is being employed.

The sewage of this area has hitherto been treated at the 28 existing disposal works by the various local authorities, but owing to the extraordinary development of the county and the great increase in population (no less than 56 per cent in ten years) the difficulties of these authorities in coping with drainage have become acute.

Under the scheme 150 acres of land have been acquired at Mogden for the new main purification works, to which the sewage will be conveyed by sewers with a total length of 77 miles. It is hoped to complete this great scheme next year.

THE CHRISTMAS AIR MAIL ACROSS THE WORLD

In Australia they have received the letters of their first Christmas air mail from home.

The regular air mail between England and Australia has begun, the flight of 1000 miles a day for 12 days having been organised by Imperial Airways.

Two tons of mail, mostly for Australia, but a great deal for India and other places on the way, left Croydon on this Christmas flight. It was a royal mail, for among the parcels were two from the King and Queen to their son in Australia. The Duke of Gloucester received his Christmas presents on Christmas morning.

At Croydon Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, stamped the royal messages from the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Prime Minister, and the Ministers of the Air and the Dominions. He called it a royal mail; but the most important thing about it is that it will be followed at regular intervals by ordinary ones.

A TASK FOR THE NEW YEAR

By the Prince of Wales

Writing to Toc H the Prince of Wales points out for its members a task for 1935.

I have a task for you to begin this year. Our immediate problems are still great enough, but there are at any rate some signs that the clouds are lifting. The time is coming when Toc H will be able to apply what it has learned to the tasks of the future as well as of the present.

A time is coming for brave building of all that is best in the life of our people into a commonwealth.

The tasks that are ahead of us require not only a friendly heart and a serving hand but an understanding mind. The business of Toc H is not to frame policies but to furnish a steady supply of men of character and wide outlook to the nation's needs in every sphere. All problems at bottom are human problems.

I have often called on Toc H to serve. I call on it now to serve with its mind as well as its hands. Do not slacken your allegiance to the first two points of the Toc H Compass (Fellowship and Service), but bring them into relation with the third, Fairmindedness.

TOC H TAKES THE OLD LOFT

There is a loft in Leigh-on-Sea which is old, and picturesque in a simple way. It has a history. Two centuries ago men used to meet there, and people used to know it quite well, but pretend not to know. The loft was a smugglers meeting-place, and it was safest not to know much about smugglers. Like highwaymen, smugglers are supposed to be romantic, but they were really just as unpleasant as ordinary lawbreakers of today.

And today the loft is a meeting-place once more, but not of lawbreakers. The Leigh-on-Sea group of Toc H has taken it, and it has become the headquarters of a band as different from the smugglers as could possibly be.

There was only sham romance in cheating the Customs, but there is real romance in trying to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN But He Will Be Remembered When Hitler is Forgotten

A century ago a German poet wrote a poem, Die Lorelei, about the syren of the Lorelei rock on the Rhine who lured boatmen to their doom.

The kindly sentimental Germans of those days took it to their hearts, loving its melancholy fantasy. It was as popular as Auld Lang Syne with us.

It is a classic still, and is still quoted; but the writer was a Jew.

Here was a terrible situation for the Nazis, for when they undertook the revision of school books they were faced with the problem of either taking out Die Lorelei or of admitting that a Jew had written something fit for youthful German minds.

They have met the difficulty by leaving in the poem and taking out the writer's name! Die Lorelei is now by Author Unknown.

Author unknown indeed! Heine, who wrote it, will be remembered when Hitler is forgotten.

BIGGEST JOB OF THE YEAR

Greater London is so great that its citizens are hardly aware of the tremendous thing done to it in the passing year.

The London Transport Board, in taking over the transport services of 2000 square miles of the most thickly-populated area in the land, is, at the same time, providing for the carriage to and from their business or their pleasure of nearly a quarter of the population of the whole country.

The Board controls five railways, with 227 miles of rail, 22 tramways with 235 miles, and omnibus companies which, when all their routes are added together, serve 2366 miles.

The Board operates 12,000 vehicles, and in the year carries as passengers nearly twice the population of the world.

We hesitate to add any further figures to these totals, though we can easily see that if all the journeys in the year of all the passengers were added together the distance travelled would reach all but the farthest planets.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 29 1934

It Was a Lover and His Lass

LOOKING back over this troubled year, which is ending more happily, what is it that stands out as its happiest memory?

Our triumphs on the tennis courts? The popularity of our peace envoy Anthony Eden? The awakening at Geneva? The glory of the summer?

To us it seems that it was a Lover and his Lass.

All the country hastened to the royal wedding in the Abbey. All the world seemed to stop, look, and listen. Kings and princes from less happy lands came here to wonder and admire.

Here was no alliance designed to strengthen the bonds of foreign policy. No diplomatic end was served by it; no country's interests were threatened by it. It was the union of the kindred hearts of a lover and his lass.

So all the people thought of it, and very quickly George and Marina found that all the world loves lovers.

For them the flags were flung, the bugles trilled, and England watched the lovers and their marriage with a smile and a tear in the eye; we ourselves stood on the kerb and saw it all go by, sat on a chair in the park and heard the service, with eyes full of tears and a heart surging with emotion at the simple wonder of it all.

Deep down in the mind there was a proud satisfaction that all had gone so well, and that in a world of toil and trouble England had been able to set aside the general depression and give the world a joyous hour.

We think it was the best advertisement of England that this century has seen, a wonderful lifting up of our people for an hour of true love, a remarkable protest against all this talk of war and misery, a gallant answer to all the grossness so many films and papers parade from day to day.

The wedding was a rift in the cloud to show the silver lining, and thankful we are for it. It was good for our millions to see it all and to hear it all, good for the Empire to share it with the Motherland, good for our monarchy to stand four-square with 76 foreign royalties looking on, good for every heart to hear the lovely words of our archbishop as from one friend to another.

Thinking of it as we say Good-bye to the old year we feel once more that it was well worth while to be alive to see this race of ours lifted up in these depressing times by the thought of the simple joys of life, a lover and his lass.

Goodbye, Old Year, which gave us that great day.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Idle Money and Idle Men

THE revival in trade has somewhat increased the use of new capital.

In the first eleven months of 1934 the new issues were £137,500,000 as against £126,500,000 last year.

Capital consists of goods used to make more goods. It is thus a tool and one that should be better used. Distressed areas and more employment wait upon new capital.

There is a very close relation between idle money and idle men.

Only a Little Laugh

IT was a very little laugh the Nazis allowed against themselves.

Since we congratulated them on allowing the paper which chuckled over their little vanities and their great pomposities the Nazis have stopped the fortnightly merry-go-round at its 33rd issue, and all is dull again.

Perhaps the big laugh will come at the end, when Humpty-Dumpty Hitler has had his great fall.

God Save the King

THE other day a German sightseer, being at a loss in Trafalgar Square to find a place he wished to visit, approached a policeman and, giving a Nazi salute, addressed the officer: "Heil, Hitler! Could you direct me to the Art Gallery?"

The policeman, pointing to the National Gallery, quickly and in great good humour answered: "God Save the King! Yes, it is over there."

The Time of Peace

Midst spell of solemn silences,
Song's shout, or din of drums,
I only wait to hear the cry:
Behold, the Peace-Child comes!

Egbert Sandford

A Gallant Little Fellow

This is from a fine little 3s 6d book called *The Cheerful Day*, by H. L. Gee, published by Methuen. It will do you good.

THIS was his birthday. I needs must think of him.

No more gallant soul ever smiled and suffered as he did. His life was 22 years, and in it he knew constant anguish. He knew loneliness and fear. He had to face one operation after another. He fell from running to walking, from walking to creeping upstairs. For years he could not move from his chair.

He saw life slipping swiftly through his fingers. The things he loved most were taken from him one by one. Born into a big world, he daily watched it closing in on him, till at the last there was no room to breathe, and one springtime he passed on, suffering and smiling!

He was my brother.

He has a message for you. If you suffer more than he did, whine, curse to your heart's content. But, if not, be gallant-hearted, and smile on.

A Great Moment

I REMEMBER him declaring, with an ecstasy which might seem to be extravagant but which was not assumed, that one of the most wonderful moments of his life was when, walking quietly in a garden, a robin perched on his hand and sang his song.

Sir John Simon on Lord Buckmaster

I Would That the Loving Were Loved

I would that the loving were loved, and
I would that the weary should sleep,
And that man should hearken to man,
And that he that soweth should reap.

William Morris

Tip-Cat

A MAN who started a chewing-gum factory couldn't make it pay. Bit off more than he could chew.

THE present civilisation must be preserved, says a writer. It isn't all jam.

SUGAR is good for children. But they don't want the cane.

A DINNER has been given to tennis stars. The service was good.

BLACKSMITHS have had a conference. Hope they didn't come to blows.

A GREENGROCER complained because a consignment of mistletoe did not

arrive. Must have been hung up somewhere.

FARMERS are puzzled by the marketing boards. Think there are too many forms.

A SCIENTIST says that eventually the Moon will snap. This

will be a change from the day breaking.

THE new movies are very polished, says a critic. Or perhaps it is star shine?

A LONDON girl is anxious to be a book-keeper. Better start a library.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Bernhard Baron Trust has made charitable grants amounting to £36,970 this year.

THIRTY acres of lovely Dovedale have been given to the nation by Imperial Chemicals.

POPPY DAY realised £523,000, about £11,000 more than last year.

THE Youth Hostels in Lakeland have provided this year 10,000 beds.

THE Forestry Commission has taken 3000 acres in North Wales for planting six million trees.

JUST AN IDEA

How can it be? On the Stock Exchange, every time one man sells another man buys, and each thinks himself amazingly clever.

Winter Tree

By Our Country Girl

WE should not see this lovely bough
Unless the leaves were blown away.
How stark and fair it rises now
To lace the blue noon sky with grey!

AND when the West is burning gold
Those naked boughs will turn to black,
And after, like a net, will hold
The silver stars till day comes back.

AND so with storms of loss and pain
God strikes a man, and leaves him bare.
Now stripped of what was weak and vain
Behold the undreamed greatness there!

Uncle at the Stores

By the Pilgrim

HE is much feared. His name is well known in the City. If you wish to see him you must make an appointment several days ahead.

It is not only the junior clerks who hesitate outside the closed door of his spacious office and take a deep breath before knocking; the senior clerks do it, and so do some of the distinguished visitors shown into his private sanctum—though they try to appear as if they do not.

We met this awe-inspiring man to-day. We did not tremble. Perhaps it was our vanity, but we think he looked at us nervously, anxious to pass without being noticed. You see, we met him coming out of the toy department of a big store.

Then we remembered that the great man is an uncle.

In Your Patience Possess Your Souls

TAKE heed that ye be not deceived, for many shall come in my name, saying, *I am Christ, and the time draweth near*: go ye not therefore after them. When ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified, for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by.

Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven. Before all these they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, before kings and rulers, for my name's sake. Ye shall be betrayed, both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; some of you shall they cause to be put to death; and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

But there shall not a hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls.

Jesus

A GREAT IDEA PROVES POSSIBLE

THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE

Nations Unite To Keep Order in the Saar

FIRST EVENT OF ITS KIND

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and it is a very poor crisis that does not bring something good in its train.

The crisis over the Saar Plebiscite has led to the formation of the first International Police Force in history, a fact of the greatest importance and significance. Two things in the closing months of the year have highly raised the prestige of the League: the settlement of the crisis in the Near East and the allaying of anxiety in the Saar by the appointment of a League Police Force, made up of soldiers from several countries—British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish troops. As France is so directly concerned French troops are not to be used.

Conflicting Interests Involved

The deep significance of this move is in the fact that it is not intended that this force should be regarded as an army of soldiers for any purpose of war; they are in every sense for keeping the peace in a situation which has been creating anxiety on account of the conflicting interests involved and the great passions aroused.

What is important is that it has been found possible to carry out in practice an idea which lovers of peace have long cherished and which cynics have always declared to be impossible. It has been found that with goodwill on all sides it is possible to raise an International Police Force to deal with the most delicate situation between hostile nations.

The Use of Force

The idea of an International Police Force has created much controversy, and has led to the formation in this country of an organisation called the New Commonwealth. Lord Davies, who has been fighting hard for the recognition of this idea, has this year written a book bearing on the subject (called *Force*, and published by Sir Ernest Benn at a guinea). Those who agree with Lord Davies and those who feel that the League should not use force will find in this book a comprehensive discussion of this difficult question.

Lord Davies discusses the use of force from various angles—the point of view of youth, of the Churches, of the Empire, and of the world. It is not suggested that war should be made by the League to force peace, but rather that the Government policy of working through the League of Nations should be backed with the solid force for carrying out the League's intentions. Christianity says we must persuade men to be honest, and the League says we must persuade nations to be peaceful. Both are right; but while we are persuading men to be honest and nations to be peaceful we may often need the help of the police. It is the same with war as with crime; in a world in which brute force is so widespread it is not possible entirely to dispense with force.

What Is Wanted

Lord Davies and those who think with him believe that the world can be got straight in this way quicker than in any other way, and it is of remarkable interest to watch the working of the idea in practical politics. The proper use of force, says Lord Davies, is to act as the policeman, bringing the case before a tribunal. Force that is centralised and organised tends to make its use unnecessary, just what we want it to do. What is wanted is that we should organise the friendship of the world through the League and then oppose all who break it. How shall we oppose them? *In the way we oppose crime: with a police force.*

Continued in the last column

THE BIG SHOP AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

THE shop window idea has penetrated into the Royal Academy.

When it opens its exhibition of British Art in Industry in the New Year one gallery will be fitted up with five large and four small shop windows. Here dresses and jewellery, carpets and rugs, furniture and leatherwear, will all be displayed just as if they were in Bond Street, Piccadilly, or Oxford Street.

All articles will be arranged by experts in window-dressing. The windows will be changed often so as to give every kind of goods the opportunity of being displayed to the best advantage.

In this way the public will see the efforts of art in industry at their best and window-dressers will be enabled to gain new ideas of how to attract the public.

Two years have been spent in preparing this exhibition and in bringing manufacturers who make British goods and artists who are able to supply good designs for them to work together.

Twelve sections were formed, each representing one great industry or combination of allied industries. All the exhibits have been made in the kingdom, all the designs are home grown, and all are original work.

The Royal Academy is chiefly associated with painting, and in this exhibition it identifies itself with the sound idea that art is not limited to pictures, but, as English history has shown since the Saxon sculptors were at work, includes every craft the hand of man has striven to perfect.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB GO SHOPPING



A hundred years ago this week died Charles Lamb. He loved London and would take his sister Mary to see the little shops, and they would gaze into the windows like children, as our picture shows. See page 16

A NEW THRONE FOR OLD KING COAL?

IN the coming year the great hope of the great experiment of wringing petrol from coal may be well and cheaply accomplished.

But there will be some time to wait. All the resources of the plant at Billingham, on which £2,500,000 has been spent, have been bent for many months on the solution of a problem which, if solved with entire success, would be invaluable for the future prosperity of this country.

Coal is still our greatest asset. It is the priceless fuel which, because it was so near to our greatest industries, was the foundation of English prosperity in the 19th century. It may play the same part again; but since the beginning of this century it has had to wage an increas-

ingly difficult struggle with the more easily handled oil fuel. The end of that struggle is not in sight. In some ways it has only begun, because besides petrol the heavy oils suited to the Diesel engine have entered into the competition.

But Sir Harry McGowan, chairman of Imperial Chemicals, the company at work at Billingham, declares that the researches warrant the belief that the plant will do what was hoped and expected of it and will indeed produce petrol from coal in a way to be commercially profitable. He adds that the plant will have to be run for some time before profit is assured, but he says also that new plants are in contemplation. So King Coal may be restored to his throne.

THE CRISIS THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT TRIUMPH OF THE LEAGUE

Mr Anthony Eden Drives the Clouds Away

HOW TO STOP WAR

Those who said the League was dead must have had a shock when they woke up the other morning to find that it had stopped a war crisis in the night.

It is beyond all question that the League has stopped a dozen crises since the Great War which, in the days before the League, would have led to fighting. Now it has done it again, and has shown triumphantly how possible it is for nations to dwell together in peace and unity if only they will talk things over instead of fighting about them.

Hate and Terrorism

We do not propose to go into all the bitter things said by Yugo-Slavia about Hungary or by Hungary about Yugo-Slavia, but it is beyond question that in that corner of Europe where the war began there is far too much hate and terrorism. It should be stopped. It lives on injustice and the spirit of revenge, and the cause of those things should be removed. It is a constant danger to the peace of Europe that nations next door to each other should spend their time snarling like people in mean streets gossiping on doorsteps.

It was not to be supposed, however, that the charges arising out of the assassination of the King of Yugo-Slavia would be allowed to pass by any self-respecting nation; and they were, of course, deeply resented by Hungary.

Yugo-Slavia declared that Hungary had harboured or encouraged the terrorists who plotted against the king, and the terrible outburst of feeling led to a cruel expulsion of Hungarians across the border. Thousands of them were driven from their homes as if they were cattle, and it was in the height of this crisis that the matter came before the League at Geneva.

Happy Ending

Many hard things were said on both sides, but in the end the Council adjourned for the Hungarian delegate to communicate with his Government, and it met again at midnight for a most happy ending, the effect of which is that a permanent committee is to be set up for the suppression of terrorism. A convention is to be drawn up and a court appointed to deal with any nations who break it.

All that is excellent, and one thing only remains to be said—that this splendid result of the League system, this settlement in a few hours of a crisis which in other days might easily have led to war, was due largely to the young man in the British Foreign Office who has made so great a name for himself this year, Mr Anthony Eden.

His speech made a great impression on the Council, and there can be no doubt that Mr Eden has done much this year to restore to our Foreign Office some of the influence it had been losing.

Continued from the first column

The trouble is that so many nations are still in the Duel Age, still convinced that quarrels can only be settled by fighting. The new inspiration that has come into the League, thanks to the energy infused into it by our own Government and especially by Mr Anthony Eden, is proving once more that the way of the Tribunal is better than the way of Battle, and we look forward to seeing a widespread interest in this experiment of international police.

If we could have an International Police Force in any region where a peril to peace exists it would be an immense step forward. Under the stress of war we made the League; under the stress of an equal danger we have now to make it effective.

AN ARTIST OF CHARM HOW WATTEAU EARNED HIS SOUP

250 Years of a Delightful
Frenchman's Fame

HE WALKED 300 MILES TO FIND WORK

The name of Jean Antoine Watteau has been specially remembered in France this year, on the 250th anniversary of his birth at Valenciennes.

Perhaps the most French of painters, offering gaiety and grace and charm, he broke away from the cold formality of 17th-century French art and brought in humanity and reality. Even though many of his pictures are of an artificial life, reminding us of the charming pretence into which Marie Antoinette tried to escape at the Petit Trianon, he dealt with people and not with gods and legendary heroes, and he put them against a natural (if idealised) background.

A Guild of Painters

In his childhood he was always making sketches, and his father allowed him to take lessons. There was a Guild of Painters in Valenciennes, and young Antoine studied under its master, M. Gérin. At 18 he walked 300 miles to Paris and nearly starved before he found work at a shop by the river, on the bridge of Notre Dame. Here many boys worked for a picture dealer, copying pictures and signs; one would prepare the background, the next would do the sky, a third would paint the faces, and so on. Watteau proved so gifted that he was soon honoured by being allowed to paint the whole picture himself! So he earned his daily soup and a miserable wage by copying figures of St Nicholas over and over again until he could do them by heart.

From this servitude he was released by an introduction to Claude Gillot, a fashionable painter of decorative panels who worked at the Opéra. Five years later he became assistant to the Keeper of the Luxembourg; here he studied the paintings, and here he watched the gay scenes in the gardens which gave him inspiration for many of his works.

A Master of Art

He wanted to earn enough money to go to Rome and study, so he painted two pictures and placed them in the entrance hall of the Louvre, where Academicians passed every day.

Immediately one of the great men, De La Pousse, sent for him, and to his great astonishment said there was no need for him to go to Rome; he was a master already, and the Academy would be delighted to receive him as one of its honoured members.

The picture Watteau painted for his reception was *The Embarkment for Cythera*, a group of care-free lovers preparing to leave their own fair land for the abode of Venus. Thenceforward there was no more struggle with poverty; he had admiring friends and patrons, and success stayed with him to the end.

Rich in Colour

He painted scenes from Italian comedy, pierrots and columbines; military pictures based on the soldiering he saw at Valenciennes; and pastorals rich in colour. Lighthearted they seem at first sight, but many of these dainty people are somewhat wistful, as though the artist meant to say that this dream-world he portrayed was unsatisfying.

He was in poor health in the years of his success, and was perhaps too modest about his work; he would paint over and over again until it seemed that he could never be content. He died at 37, and his fame has grown since. His works are all over Europe, and London has some of his best in Dulwich Gallery and the Wallace Collection, where are the rose-and-yellow Music Lesson and the very typical Fountain, its lovers shown against a break in the dark trees.

HANS ANDERSEN'S LITTLE FRIEND

Wonderland Memories of
Louise Melchior

AN OLD LADY PASSES ON

Following in the wake of our own Alice there has lately passed away another happy woman whose life must have been made fragrant by the happy memories of her childhood.

Miss Louise Melchior, who died on her 85th birthday in a quiet Copenhagen home, was the favourite child friend of Hans Andersen, that lover of all children. She sat on his knee while he told her stories—more and better stories, probably, than he had ever written down, for what inspiration is there to equal the spellbound upward gaze of a ten-year-old child?

Louise's father was a wealthy business man with a love of letters, and he and his wife were the best friends of Hans Andersen's later years. Louise, who never married, lived out her long life in the beautiful home in which she had been born, and she must often have seen, in imagination, the thin, shy ghost of her childhood's friend wandering about under the crystal chandeliers or reflected in the tall gilt-framed mirrors.

Pictures on the Screen

She often told of the last Christmas which Hans Andersen spent with her and her parents; also of the feast they gave him on his 70th birthday, when, exhausted by the celebrations of the day, he had sunk almost fainting on a bench in the hall; but, seeing their fright, had quickly pulled himself together, and then, in his joy in the affection surrounding him, had forgotten his physical ills and had become the life and soul of the party.

The Melchior home contained many treasured souvenirs of Hans Andersen. One was a large screen on which in his old age, when illness prevented his visiting the theatres he loved, he would amuse himself by pasting pictures from the illustrated papers. The eternal child in him loved this screen, and he left it in his will to Louise's mother, to whom, in his travels, he used to write long letters describing all his adventures. It throws a pleasant sidelight on his kindly nature that he invariably ended these letters with a greeting to the Melchior's old family servant.

Another treasured possession of Louise Melchior's was a fan that Andersen had given her, and which he had got an artist friend to adorn with a picture; while, on the other side, he himself had written a sentence on each of the sticks.

ITALY'S LABOUR BOOKS

Every Worker's Certificate

A further step has been taken in the organisation of labour in Italy by the issue to each worker of a Labour or Employment Book.

The first issue is said to be between seven and eight million books.

This new book is an expanded version of the National Health and Pensions Insurance Cards and Unemployment Insurance Books which it is compulsory for nearly all British workers to take out.

The new Italian Employment Books show where and how the worker has been working. As in our own case, they will reveal unemployment, and help employment exchanges to find work for those thrown idle. The Italian Guilds, which cover all employments, are responsible for the welfare of their members. The books, it is hoped, will greatly help organisation.

In effect, each Italian worker will be certificated and carry with him a means of identification.

NORMAN ANGELL A LITTLE FORTUNE FOR A GREAT IDEA

Peace Pays the Man Who Said
That War Could Never Pay

TWO NOBEL PRIZES

It was about the time we went out to see the first man flying in Europe that a friend of ours then living in Paris sent us a little book which nobody would read.

We are afraid we must be counted with the nobodies, for in those busy days the book lay on our desk unread in spite of its magic title. It lay there and was forgotten, like a thing that was dead.

And yet it was a very living thing, which today has made itself known in every country in the world, refashioned

and transformed but still essentially the same, for it was the beginning of *The Great Illusion* by Norman Angell.

The great fortune made out of dynamite, by Alfred Nobel established a series of magnificent prizes for servants of



Norman Angell

humanity, one of them to the man who does great things for peace.

Last year it was not awarded, but this year the prize has been awarded for two years together—this year's for Mr Arthur Henderson, last year's for Sir Norman Angell. It is just over £8000 apiece, and there is not a man in the world who will not admit that both men nobly deserve their Nobel Prize.

There has not been a truer prophet in our generation than Norman Angell, and there have been no shallower critics in any generation than those who poo-pooed him and misrepresented him. There is no man who has been more consistently vindicated by the tragic events of the last 20 years than the author of *The Great Illusion*.

Norman Angell did not say that war was impossible. He is far too wise a man to talk nonsense. What he did say was that war in the modern world could not be made to pay, and everybody knows he was right. It is the fate of a prophet to be misrepresented by loons and cynics and ignorant people everywhere, and no man has been more abused than Norman Angell.

A Prophet Indeed

Everywhere he has been held up as the man who declared that war was impossible and whose reputation had been blown to smithereens by the history of our time. The truth is that history has proved him a prophet indeed.

Had the world listened to Norman Angell it never would have gone to war, millions would be living who are dead, and prosperity would be reigning in a hundred stricken lands.

The C.N. congratulates Sir Norman Angell on his Nobel Prize and hopes he will live to see the beginning of the end of the stupidity of war, against which he has pitted for so long his very clever brain. He threw the dynamite of a great idea into the world and dynamite has rewarded him.

THIS KIND WORLD

By selling their collections of stamps instead of hoarding them two generous people have made £200, which they have given to the Gresford Colliery Fund and for the relief of the Hexham unemployed.

Here is a fine idea for helping many a down-and-out man on to his feet. We hope that more people will follow suit and send up their old stamp albums, for the stamps, once so much treasured, could not be put to a better use.

ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL IDEA

THE KING'S HOUSE

A Home For the Man the King
Delights To Honour

BY GRACE AND FAVOUR

Whom the King delights to honour will dwell in the new house to be given him by his grateful servants the Royal Warrant Holders.

They are the 1500 tradesmen who hold the royal warrant to supply the Court and have the right to declare themselves as "By Appointment to the King." Their gift is to commemorate the King's Silver Jubilee next year.

The choice of a gift to a king is an even more difficult matter than the choice of Christmas presents to ordinary people, but the difficulty has been most handsomely solved by the presentation of a house of which the tenant will be some person whom the King wishes to honour after distinguished service to the country.

A charming site not far from London has already been offered and chosen. The Royal Institute of British Architects will choose the house's design, and everything in its building, its furnishing and equipment, is to be in keeping with the royal character of the gift.

Tenancy By Degrees

There are houses and lodgings in St James's Palace, Kensington Palace, and Hampton Court which are in the King's gift, and are available for men and women who have been associated with the Court or have served the Sovereign in some way or another. There are also larger residences, like that of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, which are occupied by great public servants when their career is drawing to a close. The first-named are called Grace and Favour houses and the tenancy is of various kinds and degrees.

The new house will fall into neither of these divisions, but will probably resemble the house at Chequers, which is at the disposal of Prime Ministers. It will certainly be in every way distinguished, and the next most interesting problem will be that of the distinguished person first selected to occupy it.

FAMINE ON THE EASTERN FRONT

Stern Lesson For War Men

All is not well in Japan. That country, which is setting the world at defiance and entering on a race to war, has to meet within its own borders the implacable enemy Want. It is a stern lesson Nature is teaching her.

Horrible accounts, free from any bias of propaganda, have been appearing in the Japanese papers of the state of famine and misery in the north-east corner of Japan. The population of two million peasants there always lives from hand to mouth, and the failure of this year's crops has brought it to a desperate pass. Even the rice has failed them, and there are many who have nothing to eat except soup with a small quantity of grain mixed with the bark of trees. In such circumstances these unfortunate people are willing to sell their children into the worst form of slavery.

The less distressed portions of Japan, which is on the whole a hardworking but prosperous country, are doing what they can with measures of relief. But how is Japan to care for a population increasing at the rate of a million a year when her substance is being squandered on military preparations in the attempt to dominate the Far East?

Before she sets out new lands to conquer, is it not necessary that she should first set her house in order?

Arthur Mee's Broadcast

Autumn Supplement to the Children's Newspaper—Number Eleven

THE UNIVERSAL MIND IN A CHILD

We have been thinking of Mind at work in Nature's Kingdoms, and now we come to think of Man's invention of language, this marvellous power of carrying on his thought for ever.

A BABY picks up words in a year or two; but give a race of ants and bees a million years to speak a syllable and these wise little creatures are dumb. We have only to think of this to realise the wonder of this miracle of the man who stood erect. All things came to him in time, and all things came in order; but let us remember this, whatever we forget—that this mysterious power behind the world was *working with and through mankind, and not outside it.*

Man was not a machine, with power transmitted to it by cranks and levers and wheels and belts; he was partner with the power he could not understand.

A Mighty Lever

One great witness we have of this whom none can contradict, for we know that, while Nature gave man a voice to speak, man gave himself a language. Man, that is to say, gave himself the mighty lever without which his advance could not have been. No man ever yet was born with the knowledge essential to him; no man ever yet was born with the alphabet in his mind. Language is man's gift to Nature, as the voice is Nature's gift to man. Without language civilisation could not have been; even with the power of speech and without a language man would have been as a parrot or a gibbering ape.

Now let us see at what point we have arrived. We have come to this—that man, to sustain his place in the Universe, must needs have the thing he himself invented, and Nature could not have given it him without his aid. Nature gave him his physical frame; he forced himself erect. Nature gave him his tools; he taught himself to use them. Nature gave him speech; he gave himself a language.

He is in partnership with Nature. He has reached the point to which Nature unaided could not have brought him.

Surely and clearly Nature is a servant in some Master's hands. Some Hand there is behind it and beyond it all, directing and controlling. The power that guides and moves and orders and sustains all life and mind and matter has not failed in man. It has used him as its instrument of progress, it has given him powers beyond his understanding.

Instruments of Eternal Power

The power that rides on the rhythm of the winds, that rests on the rolling wave, that inhabits the stars and holds the planets in their spheres, is not too far from you and me to use us as its temple too. The Earth and the heavens and all the forces in them are His. The law of gravitation, the laws of light and heat and sound, the laws that hold in place a thousand million spheres, are instruments of His eternal power; but greater and beyond them all is the instrument these others serve—the Universal Mind that grows in a little child to be a Moses or a Socrates, a David or a Paul, Shakespeare or you.

His instruments are we. It is a solemn and moving thought, and solemn, above all in this, that in us the Creator and Controller of the Universe has built up the only free instruments of His power throughout the Earth.

The Universe was ages old before Earth came. Earth was ages old before Life came. Life was ages old before the unfolding of Mind. Mind itself was ages old before it found its throne in Man.

Foundations of the Universe

Through age after age the foundations of the Universe were laid. Through age after age the boundless structure rose, until, after ages no man could number, the wondrous thing became alive, no more a thing in entire subjection to an outer will, but a thing of power within itself. The nebula of Earth became a solid mass; the surface of the solid mass broke up and clothed itself, with the aid of wind and Sun and rain, in regions of forest and mountain and ocean and plain. The life that crept across these surfaces, up from the ocean bed, crept into vehicles wonderful and strange, until at last it found its home in man.

We may liken all these stupendous things, evolving slowly through vast eras of time, to events familiar to us all,

without it. It has no need for an outer power, for it has found a power within.

And the Earth, since that great day when it was wrenched out from the Sun, has found a power within itself. This stupendous mass that seemed so dead is now alive. This great round ball that seemed so small now thrills and throbs. Those elements that seemed so simple are now complex. We may liken it all again to a familiar thing. We may think of William Caxton and his types. Who that has ever waited for a printer's proof of something he has written can think without a thrill of the day when Caxton down in Westminster waited for his first proof and saw the first words ever printed in these islands? Not many lifetimes back is that, and we have our morning papers printed on machines on which no man can look without a thrill to think that it has come from Caxton's types.

More and more, as we think of it, the likeness grows. We substitute the power without by a power within. We do not push or pull our vehicles; we make them run themselves. We fill our factories with machinery which moves at the touch of a switch. We can leave a workshop with hundreds of machines, working

liken the Earth to all that mighty mechanism man has built upon it, a world of energy and purpose, moving of itself, but directed and controlled by a power it cannot contradict.

Perhaps there will now be dawning in our minds, with this conception of the Earth, the thought with which Professor Tyndall startled scientists long ago: that all this wonder was potential (*could be foreseen*) in the nebula; and that all these ages of development, from the fashioning and shaping of the Earth down to the printing of this, is as natural and as ordered as the arrival of a train at York four hours after the fire was lit in the engine at St Pancras. In laying down the foundations of the Earth the mind of the Creator must have seen the long unfolding of its history.

Evolution Become Conscious

But then no human being was here to share in all this vast development. Earth was coming into being, Earth with all her powers; but in the first great chapter of Creation the Mind of God was alone upon the Earth. No worker made in the image of God had yet appeared in the workshop of the world.

After ages of building-up came Life; after ages of development Life built up



happening before our eyes. The streets of London when most of us were born were filled with horses. There were horses everywhere. Without the help of a horse you could hardly ride through London. Today we can count the horses as they pass. The tramp of their hoofs is almost dead. The vehicles are there, the drivers and the passengers. The endless procession of life and freight moves on and grows from year to year. But the horse that pulled the vehicle in other days has gone; the vehicle goes without it. It can do without the horses, can move faster without it, can go farther

from morning till night, from night till morning, producing finished things, with no human being attending them except to bring supplies and remove the things that are made. *We have put into a machine the power of a man.*

Does there not come into the mind as we think of it all a vision of what has happened with the Earth itself? Set in space, fashioned and balanced amid a million worlds by the hand of its Creator, its simple things have grown complex, its power has magnified itself, its living seed has grown and multiplied and inhabited a myriad forms, until now we

Mind; after ages of expansion Mind built up its throne in the brain of Man, and the Creator had a partner in the world. *Evolution had become conscious.*

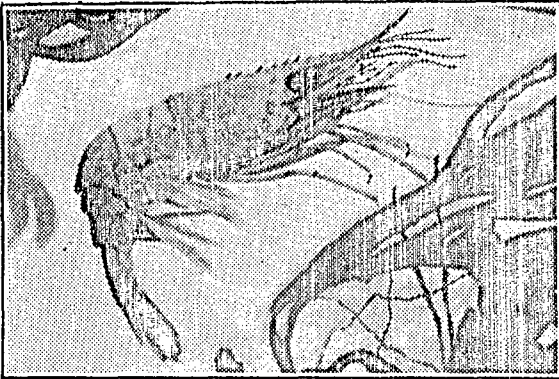
Mind had become alive, and knew what it was doing. It could please itself. It could make plans and carry them out. It could mark out its path and move to the end.

For the first time since the Earth came out of the nebula Evolution had a conscious agent in the world.

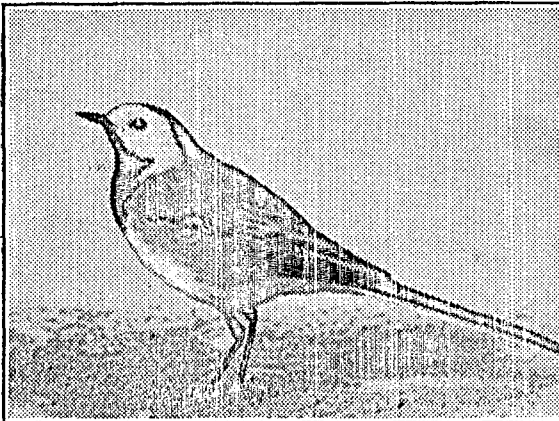
His instruments are we. God has chosen His children to carry on His work.

continued next week

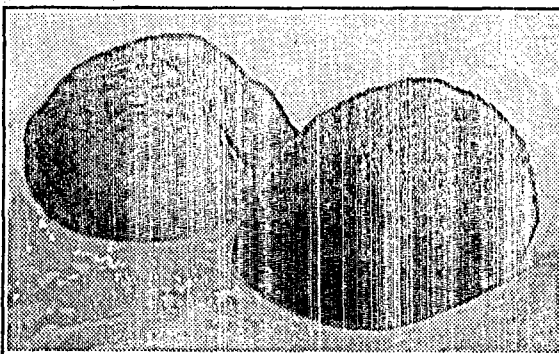
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



Although it is winter, prawns are still quite lively in pools along the South Coast



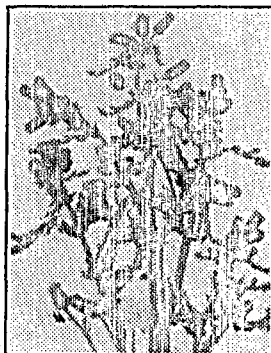
The pretty pied wagtail sometimes visits gardens in search of food



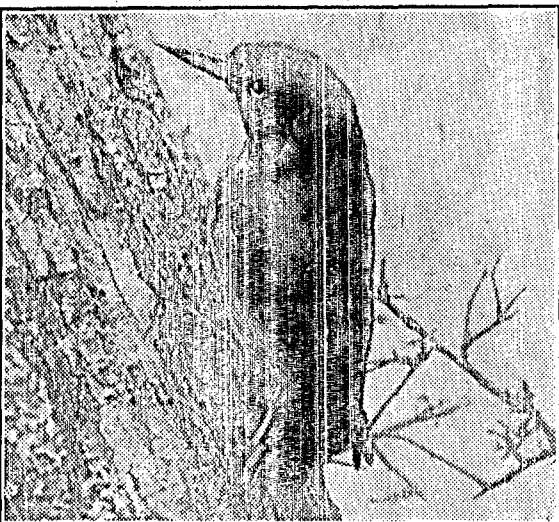
Black slugs may sometimes be seen on a bright day



The Polyanthus may be seen in flower in sheltered corners



The groundsel is a hardy plant which blossoms even in winter



The shrill "whit" and bubbling twitter of the nuthatch is now heard in the countryside

The Story of Ten Thousand Years EUROPE AS IT IS TODAY

Last week our story was brought down to the secret agreement between Count Cavour and Napoleon the Third after the Crimean War. It is now continued down to the present time.

WHEN, in April 1859, Austria invaded Piedmont, Louis Napoleon marched to the assistance of Victor Emmanuel, and by June the two great battles of Magenta and Solferino had resulted in defeat for the Austrians, who fell back to defend Venice. Then, seeing that Prussia was rallying to the side of Austria, Napoleon paused. Deserting Cavour, he agreed with Austria that she should surrender Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel but keep Venetia, that the rest of Italy should remain as it was, and that France should have Savoy and Nice. The result was that fresh impulse was given to the movement for a united Italy, which movement, thanks largely to the work of Mazzini and Garibaldi, attained its fulfilment in 1861.

The American Civil War

The year of the union of Italy saw in Russia the emancipation of the serfs and in America the beginning of the great Civil War, which, fought between the industrial North and the slave-owning South, resulted after four years in the suppression of slavery under the American flag. (Slavery had been abolished in the British Empire in 1833.) Abraham Lincoln, who was President when the war began, was assassinated by a mad actor five days after the surrender of the Southern forces under Lee.

During the American Civil War France and Spain joined with us in sending fleets to Mexico to punish cases of barefaced robbery from their nationals in that disturbed country. The British and Spanish fleets did their work and withdrew. But the French fleet was accompanied by troops who stayed. At the instigation of Louis Napoleon an attempt was made to found an empire in Mexico under Maximilian, younger brother of Francis Joseph of Austria. Supported by the French, Maximilian accepted the offer of the Crown made by an unrepresentative Mexican Assembly. With the help of French troops he entered Mexico City in June 1864, but failed to carry the whole country. The United States intervened, the French troops withdrew, and, following a treacherous betrayal into the hands of his opponents, the young and deluded Maximilian was shot.

Prussia's Bid For World Power

At this time the rivalry between Austria and Prussia was assuming threatening proportions. Prussia was beginning to arm herself powerfully. Under her king, William the First, Bismarck, as first minister, set himself the task of turning Austria out of Germany, uniting its States, and making a German Empire, under Prussian guidance, master of Europe. He joined Austria in robbing Denmark of two provinces; then he quarrelled with her. The ensuing war of 1866, with Prussia and the North German States, aided by Italy, on the one side, and Austria and the South German States on the other, lasted only about six weeks. Prussia was armed with a breechloading rifle that gave the Austrians no chance.

Though the South German States formed a loose confederation, Prussia was now unquestionably the dominant German kingdom. Austria ceded Venetia to Italy.

Having defeated Austria Bismarck then devoted his attention to France. He meant war and he contrived that France should begin it. Spain was without a king. Prussia suggested a candidate of the Hohenzollern family. France at once saw herself with a prospect of being penned in on either hand by a German king. She demanded that the idea should be abandoned. By altering a telegram from Ems concerning an interview there between King William and the French Ambassador Bismarck raised French feeling to fever-point. France was not prepared for war. Napoleon did not want it, but he could not stem national feeling. War was declared.

The defeat of the French was sudden and complete. She had to pay a crushing indemnity and lost Alsace and Lorraine. Louis Napoleon was taken prisoner, lost his throne, and France again became a Republic.

Birth of the German Empire

The Prussian king was crowned in Versailles in 1871, and the German Empire was thus consolidated by Blood and Iron, and the era of whole nations in arms was inaugurated.

Coincidentally with the foundation of the German Empire in Europe another nation emerged with striking suddenness in the Far East. Japan adopted Western civilisation and, using the science of that civilisation with amazing quickness, transformed the aspect of the whole country, industrially and in a military and naval sense. She defeated China in 1894 and in 1904-5 brought Russia to her knees. China became a Republic in 1912, and in 1932 Japan, having invaded Manchuria, reconstituted that territory under the nominal rule of the deposed Chinese Emperor.

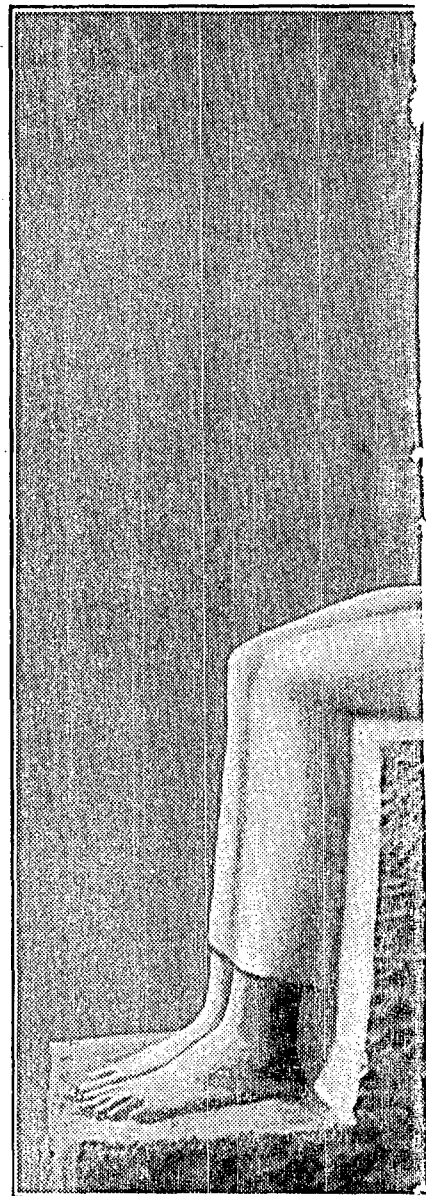
Meanwhile, great changes came about in Egypt and South Africa. Egypt for long proved the centre of trouble. France withdrew, Italy declined co-operation, and it was left for our own country, through Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, to re-establish public safety, put down rebellion, straighten finance, and bring about a condition of relative prosperity and peace in both Egypt and the Sudan. In 1922 Egypt became an independent State.

The story of events in South Africa in recent years is a long one, involving that of the struggle of the Dutch settlers in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State for independence, the risings of native tribes, the Boer War of 1899-1902. Thanks to the wisdom of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Prime Minister, the Boers were granted self-government under the Union of South Africa, a step which found its reward in the service and statesmanship which South Africa has since given to the Empire.

The Great Russian Upheaval

The Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Union of South Africa, banded together with the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster, are mankind's most notable example of unity in free government, the extension of which to India is one of the pressing problems of the moment, though its extension in 1922 to the Irish Free State has not been followed by the happiest of results. Today the peoples of the world, in part through the League of Nations, promoted by the American President,

continued in the next column



Princess Nofer of Egypt, one of the noblest of the ancient world

continued from the previous column

Woodrow Wilson, but unsupported by the United States, are consulting together more than ever before, a step which was made imperative by the political and financial chaos caused by the Great War.

In Russia this war, of which we have already given a historical outline in the C.N., led to one of the greatest national upheavals since the French Revolution. In 1905 the Tsar established a kind of Parliament called the Duma. In 1917 this was overthrown, the Tsar Nicholas and his family were murdered, and a working-class republic called the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, seven in number, was established. In Italy, while the monarchy was nominally preserved, the nation, in fact, became a Fascist State under the control of Signor Mussolini, a blacksmith's son.

Remaking the Map of Europe

A similar change was brought about in what remained of the old Turkish Empire under the Nationalist leader Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Out of the crash of the Austro-Hungarian Empire arose Austria, under a President; Hungary, under a Regent; and Czechoslovakia, a Republic. Yugo-Slavia includes the old kingdoms of Serbia, Montenegro, and of Croatia and Slavonia, part of the Banat, Bosnia, Herzegovina, part of Carniola, and part of Styria. Estonia, Finland, Latvia, and Lithuania, all now with Presidents, were once part of Russia. Poland has regained her freedom under a President; and the kingdom of Albania has been reconstituted. Both Spain and Portugal have become Republics. Germany, for about fifteen years a Republic under President Hindenburg, its greatest soldier

Familiar Sights of Our New World

THE WIRELESS MAN

THAT well-set-up young fellow who hides himself inside a cabin wherein he performs all sorts of magic that Puck at his best could not excel is known among his shipmates as Sparks.

At his touch a high-pitched note may suddenly strike the ears of millions of listeners who are expecting to hear music just as he breaks in upon their privacy with his dashing sounds. When that occurs his ears ought to tingle with the thoughts that are harboured against him; but they are so busy listening to the dashes and dots tumbling through the atmosphere in reply that they have no time for anything else.

Forgetting the Wonder of It

Like Puck, the wireless man can girdle the Earth with inconceivable rapidity. Quicker than a boy could say *Gone!* his message is round the world and back again. We remember a few years ago standing in a great new wireless station in a foreign land while for our special benefit messages were flashed to London and repeated back.

So quickly did these messages go and come that the sending and receiving apparatus seemed to our ears to be working simultaneously. We could not detect that the receiving apparatus lagged behind the sending apparatus at all.

"Wonderful!" we said.

"I suppose it is," answered the wireless operator, who hesitated for a moment as though he were not quite sure. Like all miracle-workers on earth and sea, he was so used to performing miracles that he forgot the wonder of it.

He tapped a key, and his tapings allowed the stored-up electricity to gush out over the world just as though he were simply turning a water-tap on and off and allowing the water from the main to spurt out.

These waves of electricity leaped forty miles or more in the air, and might have been lost for good in the outer atmosphere of the Earth if they had not bumped into the Heaviside layer, whose molecules of electrical and radiant energy sent the wireless waves bouncing back to earth, like so many billiard balls cannoning off the rubber cushion of a billiard table, to be caught by the ever-ready receivers.

Sparks in His Cabin

So Sparks, sitting in the cabin of a liner in the middle of the ocean, reads the messages that are brought in to him. They are of all kinds. The wealthy business man instructs his broker to buy certain shares that he hopes will go up in price and make him still wealthier; the society hostess sends on instructions about a dinner she is giving soon after she lands; the young man with the far-away look in his eyes sends a message to a young lady with a far-away look in hers.

To all of them the wireless operator is impartial, as though he were part of a machine. Those messages which mean so much to the senders are to him simply words, so many dots and dashes, and he taps them out as calmly as if he were sitting in an office on land instead of in a ship steaming over the sea.

He is the human link between the ship and the shore as well as with all the other ships steaming in between. He lets loose his dots and dashes into the air to shoot to the shore, where the men in the receiving stations translate them

into words and send them on their journey; he translates the dots and dashes that come so that he may give the passengers the news of what is happening on the land while they are at sea.

This is his routine, and he is so immersed in it that he is inclined to forget that dull day of December 13, 1901, when a young Italian scientist named Marconi, whose kites with trailing wires were flying high in the air, was listening intently at St Johns in Newfoundland for some sign that his ideas were accurate. In a little white house in far-away Cornwall was a brilliant British scientist named J. A. Fleming, striving with the power plant he had designed to send electrical signals across the Atlantic. He, too, felt sure that it could be done.

And it was, for, as everybody knows, very faintly Marconi caught the signals of the letter S in the Morse code, the sequence of three short signals to represent dots, and he knew from that moment that it was possible to make all his dreams of signalling round the world without wires come true.

The Great Boon

As for the English scientist who sent the messages from Cornwall, an invention of his gave wireless telephony and music to the world, and he is now known as Sir J. A. Fleming.

So the great boon of wireless came to give ships at sea greater security in times of stress, and the young men who flocked to become wireless officers proved to be as fine as any alive. Their steadfastness has saved dozens of ships, their courage has saved thousands of lives. Time and again they have been put to the test, and they have not been found wanting.

There was a dark night when the world's latest and most wonderful ship, the Titanic, crashed into an iceberg, and all the passengers on board, many of them famous throughout the world, realised that the ship they had thought to be unsinkable was going down.

Heedless of the sinking ship, of the people seeking places in boats, the two wireless operators shut themselves in their wireless room and flung their frantic signals out into the heavens. For hours they signalled their position and urged the steamers to hurry to the rescue. The two brave wireless operators were the only link with the other ships, and without them all on board would have been lost.

Thanks to these two men some 700 souls were saved, but one of the wireless men was numbered among the 1513 people who lost their lives.

The Magic Key

On another dark night the liner *Volturmo* was tossed about by a gale while the fire raged in her hold and the wireless officer sat calmly at his post, calling for help. Unaffected by the alarm of the emigrants on board, he kept tapping his magic key that brought salvation to over 500 people.

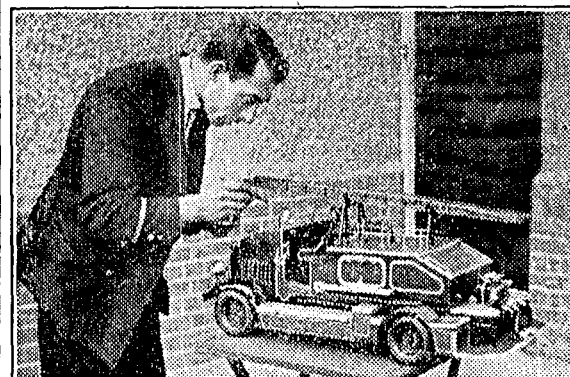
Time and again the wireless men have gone down with their ships.

These young men who do their duty in the wireless cabins of the vessels steaming about the oceans are the safety links of the shipping services today, and the little key which they tap so diligently will, if the need arises, save lives and ships.

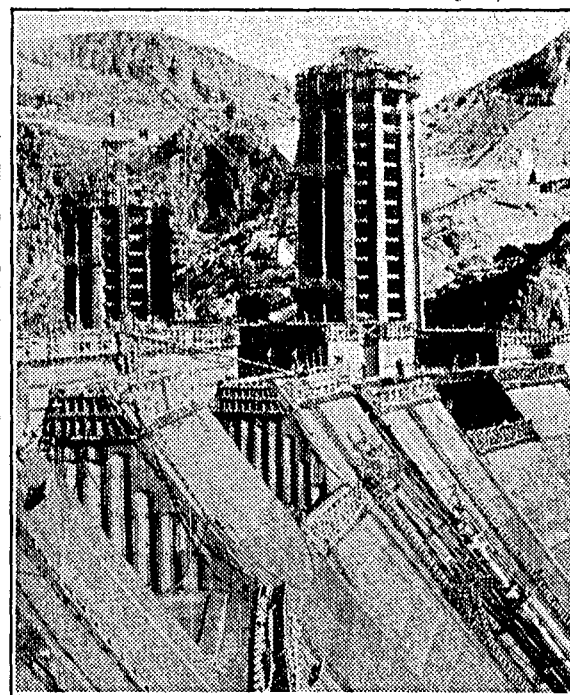
SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL



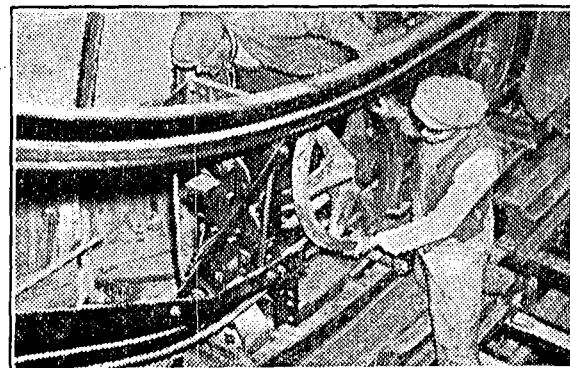
Here the latest L.N.E.R. engine for service in Scotland is seen, on the left, with engines of the Pacific and Atlantic types



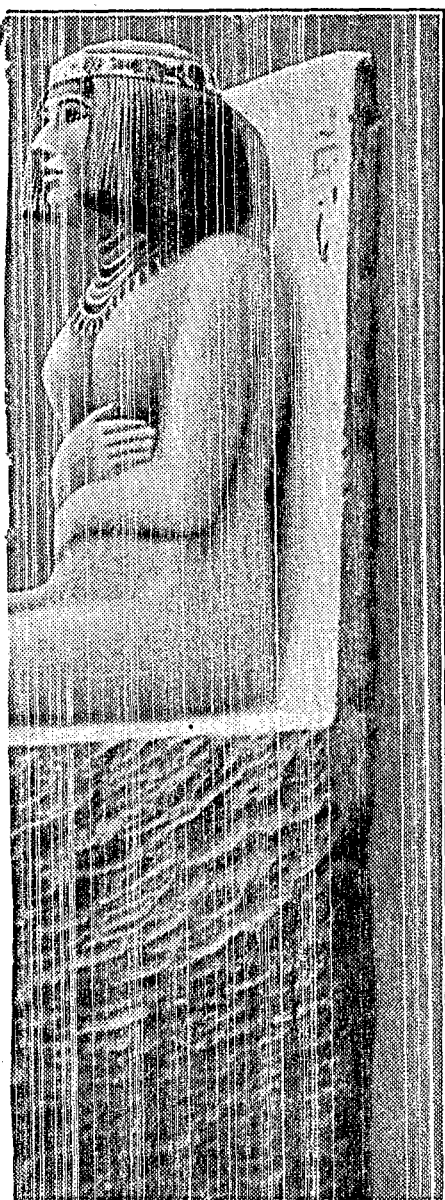
This splendid little model of a fire-engine has been made by Station Officer Bloom of Letchworth Fire Brigade, Herts



The mighty Boulder Dam which is to hold up the waters of the Colorado River in Black Canyon is nearing completion



Fixing one of the wheels which carries the endless rubber banister of an escalator on London's Underground Railway



Monuments of antiquity from an Egyptian tomb

during the war, came after Hindenburg's death under the dictatorship of an Austrian ex-soldier, Herr Adolf Hitler.

In our own country during the last hundred years or so domestic changes of far-reaching importance have taken place in the introduction of a free press, religious freedom, the extension of adult suffrage, which now includes women, the admission of women to the professions, universal popular education, poor law reform, the introduction of State relief for the unemployed, the provision of old age pensions, and the formation of a National Government.

But modern history cannot be dismissed with the story of wars, politics, and social legislation. Reference must be made to the introduction of railways and electricity, with the consequent revolution in transport and machinery; the telegraph, the telephone, and the postal service; the invention of the internal-combustion engine, the turbine, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the gyroscope, the autogiro, the gramophone, wireless, the cinema, infra-red photography, and television.

Science in War and Peace

Science has placed many dread weapons at the disposal of mankind for its self-destruction, but it has also given us Robot machinery of all kinds for peaceful ends, antiseptic surgery, X-rays, anaesthetics, and immunity from hydrophobia, malaria, and many other ills; has lent its aid to exploration, and the extension of our knowledge of the heavens; has produced over 200,000 compounds for some of which man had formerly to depend on the alchemy of animals and plants; and has extracted nitrogen from the air and made wheat to grow in regions where none could grow before.

THE JEWELLED SPECK THAT DARTS ACROSS A STREAM

ONE of the most delightful experiences imaginable is the sudden sight of a kingfisher darting across a stream. Many people do not know how often in and out of our fragrant countryside flashes this jewelled speck. There is no county where he does not find a home.

To see him we must seek one of his haunts (a little shady stream, a lake in a park, a mill pond, river marshes) and sit very still in the screen of a willow or alder, and be very sharp with our eyes, for, if we move, the bird is frightened away, and if we drop an eyelid he has come and gone.

As we wait we shall hear a thousand whispers in what we thought was silence. If in these tiny blended sounds we should hear a sharp, rather wild little cry in a harsh voice, sounding like pip-pip-pip, we can sit stiller than ever, for that is the kingfisher out hunting. It is his nearest approach to song.

While we are pondering the strange fact that brilliant birds have no sweet cadences there is a flash of glittering blue and green. The kingfisher has come and gone, glanced by. He skimmed the water so low that the tawny orange of his breast dropped into the river's looking-glass and flew along the water with him. Already we do not believe it. The sight was too exquisite to be true. It is no good looking up in the sky for that vanished speck of loveliness; he never flies upward unless he is startled. A twig in that willow is shaking violently; he is swinging somewhere on an unseen perch, intently watching the water.

We wait another few minutes and then with incredible swiftness the iridescent body stabs the water and disappears, comes up with a fish an inch or two long in its beak. Some people have been lucky enough to see him toss the fish up like a Westminster pancake, and catch it in such a way that he can eat it properly, head first. In any case he gets his fish, having long passed the day when he dived for nothing and had to be comforted by his mother. Sooner

or later he will skim the water again, this time being followed by his mate.

These little glimpses for ordinary people who have not time to be bird watchers are all that the kingfisher can give us of his beauty—a few jewels tossed in the air and gone. But our lives are richer for that unforgettable sight.

While we are waiting we can think of two other people who sat on a river bank one breezy day in May 1429.

They are Dunois the soldier and his page in Saint Joan. They are both watching the silver Loire go by, ruffled by the east wind. Dunois is aching for a west wind and a sight of the Maid, and the boy is watching for a kingfisher. Suddenly the page darts up. "There she goes!" he says; and Dunois, startled, says "Who, where—the Maid?" "No," says the page, "the kingfisher. Like blue lightning."

If we could inspect him for any time at close quarters we should see that the kingfisher is a squat little bird, looking rather like a chick that has never grown up, because his head is so much too big for his body. His flight is so rapid because his wings are so short. He knows they will not hold him up long, and so he hurls himself through the air, beating his wings rapidly as he goes. The colour we see in one flash would prove to be, on inspection, cobalt blue running into emerald green, barred on the head, spotted on the wing coverts. Underneath he is goldy chestnut and white; he has a black bill and red legs and feet. When those little gleaming wings are outspread to their utmost they can measure ten inches. Altogether, from the tip of the tail to the end of the beak, the kingfisher is seven inches long. No more; all that radiance of the



summer sea concentrated in a tiny form, all that sense of joy that is given by something we could crush in a hand.

No wonder the ancients loved him and made pretty tales about him. These were so much believed by people that they crept into the language and were firmly there long before Shakespeare's

time. The phrase halcyon days (peaceful, windless days) are the kingfisher's gift.

The story is that Alcyone, daughter of the wind god Aeolus, loved someone called Ceyx. They were so happy together that they thought their joy could not be ordinary, and they called themselves by the names of the high gods Zeus and Hera. The news of this reached Olympus, and Zeus, in a rage, changed the blissful pair into kingfishers, and away they flew to find some water where they could still be happy. Whereupon Aeolus, who dearly loved his child, agreed to keep wind and wave quiet for a fortnight in the late autumn, the 14 halcyon days that are supposed to come before the fury of winter bursts on us. During that time Alcyone and Ceyx had to build their saucer nest and lay their eggs.

The Latin name for the particular class of kingfisher Zeus had in mind is Halcyonidae. Shakespeare remembered it in Henry the Sixth:

*This night the siege assuredly I'll raise—
Expect St Martin's summer, halcyon days.*

Kingfishers seem always to be conscious of weather, living or dead. In medieval England, when they were much commoner, the day having not yet come (happily it has now gone) when women wore their plumage in hats, a dead and dried kingfisher, hung up, could always tell the weather. His beak

swung the way the wind would come. Marlowe, the dramatist, in *The Jew of Malta*, says: "How now stands the wind? Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?" And Kent, in *King Lear*, speaks of rogues who turn their halcyon beaks with every gale.

The modern kingfishers have a different calendar from the halcyon birds. Aeolus was protecting in the late autumn. They get their queer little nests ready in March or April, sometimes in a hole in a bank or among gnarled roots or under the shelter of overhanging bushes.

The British Museum is the proud possessor of a kingfisher's nest that was found on Thames-side in a hole three feet deep. Wherever it may be, the birds get very fond of their nesting-place. They pair for life, and in the busy months keep themselves to themselves and warn intruders off their breeding territory. Year after year they seek the same spot. But they are untidy, dirty birds, foul their nests, never set the young ones an example in good housekeeping. In any case the nests are most casual homes, lined with fish bones and other indigestible matter which the birds cast up. The eggs generally number from six to eight, are white and shining, and curiously round.

Fish is the kingfisher's main diet, also insects and larvae and shrimps, and the minutest crabs if they can get them. That is when they go down to the South coast in the winter to escape the rigours of frost in the inland counties. A good many have a weakness for Rye and Dover Harbour and similar places.

One kingfisher became a historic figure in Dover. He liked to spend the winter by himself, and never said a word about what he had done with his wife. Year after year he took up his home in the middle of the town at a spot where it happened there was a bit of stream exposed.

Lucky people who watch this winter may spy kingfishers in numbers on the marshes of Kent and Sussex.

THE HARVEST OF THE AIR TOMORROW?

Nobody can help being impressed by the way in which life was sustained in the days of the Old Testament by the tilling and the sowing and the reaping of the land.

It would have seemed as incredible to the Israelites to talk of getting food from the air as to talk of flying like birds through it. Yet both these things have come about.

The ever-growing number of aeroplanes in the sky makes us wonder at flight no longer; but the harvest we get from the air and the influence we shall live to see it exert on our daily life goes unrealised except by a few.

ALTHOUGH our Earth and the atmosphere around it are entirely self-contained the interchanges between the various elements are quite complicated. The carbon dioxide we breathe out is used by the plants in forming their own substance, and vegetable matter consists chiefly of the three elements: carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Yet crops will not come up year after year on the same soil unless that soil is constantly enriched; and in the feeding of the soil bacteria play an immense part.

The bacterium (or microbe) is known by scientists as the lowest living form of vegetable organism, and, despite the fact

that these very tiny creatures are often provided with the means of swimming and wriggling, they remain just simple cells of living matter.

But, invisible though they are to us, they multiply with incredible speed, and in feeding they act as one of man's most useful chemical factories, for they turn one substance into another, quite often in a way which is far more economical than any method he can devise, and make combinations which he has yet to discover how to make.

THE farmland that produces crops must be fertilised, and, while in the days of the Bible there was enough and to spare of natural fertilisers, today we are compelled to dig from the earth chemical substances which can be transported to the farmer and mixed into the soil. These chemical fertilisers are foods for the microbes, for bacteria will not work without food, and their very food they turn into the agricultural chemicals required by the crops.

But the natural supply of chemical fertilisers is itself becoming inadequate as the population of the world grows, and man has in recent years turned to the air itself to obtain fresh supplies. Air is composed almost entirely of the two gases nitrogen and oxygen, nitrogen

being present in four times the quantity of the oxygen. It contains other, rarer, gases in small quantity, and these are harvested, too, for our benefit. It is the nitrogen which we need for the crops.

FOR many years an electric method was tried of stimulating the crops by a charge of positive electricity fed to them by overhead wires. Today we use electricity in another way, by forcing air over the intense flame of the electric arc, which causes the nitrogen to combine with some of the oxygen and some moisture in order to form nitric acid, which is then trapped chemically by combining it with an alkaline substance such as lime.

IN this, or some similar way, the nitrogen is extracted from the air and made available for the farmer; and in this way, too, we are actually "living on air," for our food is becoming more and more dependent on the fertilisers which the chemist obtains from these inorganic sources.

Nitrogen is by no means the only harvest of the air, although its uses are rapidly increasing. It is known as an inert gas, because it is so difficult under ordinary conditions to make it combine with other things. Much work is going

on in connection with the maturing and storing of fruit in nitrogen, and new fruits will gradually make their appearance on our tables, brought from far-off lands in ship's storage cupboards kept filled with nitrogen gas.

Just as the chemist distils from crude oil a number of useful things, petrol, paraffin, lubricating oil, vaseline, and so on, the air chemist today distils the various gases from air, liquefying it first under tremendous pressure and cold, and then allowing its various elements to distil off as the temperature is gently raised.

ENORMOUS quantities of oxygen, obtained by distillation in this way, are used for acetylene welding in the various building and engineering trades; argon and neon are used for wireless valves and electric lamps; and other uses are being found for the other gases contained in the air.

But air harvesting is a recent art, still in its infancy, and many of us will live to see its richness applied in new ways not yet visualised by man. Perhaps the day may come when by some simple chemical combination the air will be converted into a foodstuff, when it will be harvested directly, instead of through the agency of our microbe friends.

THE PIONEERS

Peace in the Schools

THREE BRONZE MEDALS

With plays, mock trials, lantern lectures, and discussion groups the League of Nations Pioneers are back in the full swing of their winter programmes.

Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight stands in the very forefront of the Pioneers working for Peace. *Every boy in the school is a League of Nations Pioneer.* They are making charts of their own invention, showing how war comes and how peace might be achieved. The senior forms meet every Saturday morning to discuss what has been happening in the world, and a member of each form in turn gives some of the news of the week.

Correspondents Abroad

At Penrhos College, too, the Pioneers take it in turn to tell the rest about world happenings. More than a hundred of them are corresponding with girls in other parts of the world. They wrote to the L.N.P. Headquarters giving their names and their ages and saying in what country they wanted to find a correspondent; and the secretary put them into touch with people in other countries who wanted English correspondents.

Several of the Penrhos Pioneers went out to Geneva last summer to the Junior Summer School and came back enthusiastic. They have made all the rest want to go, and a fund has been started to send an extra member to Geneva in 1935.

A Splendid Exhibition

At King Edward's School, Fiveways, Birmingham, the Pioneers have been holding a splendid exhibition. They had a disarmament display with an amateur talking film, a relief map in putty of Switzerland, and a demonstration of poison-gas manufacture. Small groups of boys got up stalls of various European countries, where they showed posters and maps and pictures and the manufactures of each of the countries in turn, and several Pioneers gave lantern lectures on the countries. At the end of the exhibition they acted a League play in three languages written and produced by one of their masters.

These three schools have been doing such imaginative and energetic work for peace that the British Legion has awarded a bronze medal to each of them, these medals being given annually to the three schools in England which are doing the best work for the League.

All letters concerning League Pioneers should be addressed: League of Nations Pioneers, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1, and no letters should be sent to the C.N. Office. With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the card and badge.

THE OLD STAGE COACH

ROLLS ON

When Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair* he lamented the passing of the stage coach with its four dashing horses and jingling harness.

Yet the stage coach has outlived Thackeray, although it has just had a very narrow squeak.

In the Spessart, a mountainous district of Germany, north of the River Main, a horse-drawn stage coach has served Heigenbrücken, Heinrichstal, and Wiesen as long as men can remember.

It is the last horse-drawn stage coach left in Germany, and a little while ago people announced that it was going to be stopped. A motor-bus was to serve the route instead. But the authorities who favoured the change reckoned without Heigenbrücken.

The municipality of that town refused to have anything to do with the scheme. The other districts could not afford to embark on the motor-bus without Heigenbrücken, and so the stage coach has not been scrapped.

THE OWL AND THE CROWS

This little chapter of natural history comes to us from a C.N. reader at a station of the London Missionary Society in South India.

A small screech-owl, hotly pursued by a crowd of bullying crows, took refuge in our dining-room. Seeing me he took fright and flew out, only to be pounced on once more by the waiting crows.

Dazzled by the bright light and mercilessly pecked by these bandits of the Indian bird world, the miserable owl fluttered from tree to tree trying to find a hiding-place. My husband and I gave chase and tried to drive away the crows. We were just about to abandon the owl to what seemed an inevitable fate when up flew a small black bird, rather larger than a swallow, with a forked tail and a sharp beak.

A Ferocious Fighter

I had often heard that the King Crow, as this little bird is called, was so ferocious a fighter that he would join in a fight which had nothing to do with him just for the fun of the contest, but I had never hoped to see so fine a display of pluck as I saw on this occasion. With wild shrieks he darted round and round the clumsy crows, pecking their legs and worrying their tails, until in disgust they flew away. (Indian crows are about twice the size of the ordinary English variety, and the King Crow is not of the same family.)

The owl, grateful to us for our attempted rescue, brought along a little wife and set up house in our roof. This might have been the end of the story had it not been for Tigger.

Tigger is our large, sleek tabby cat, and not a mouse, rat, lizard, squirrel, cockroach, bat, or flying beetle escapes his watchful eye. It must have been extremely annoying to Owl, sitting on a branch watching with watering mouth a tender mouse on the grass below, to have his supper suddenly snatched away by Tigger, whose sides were already amply bulging with potato and gravy and milk. And so Owl decided to harry Tigger out of business.

Blood-Curdling Whoos

At night he would take up his position near the door. As soon as Tigger came out for the night's hunting Owl would swoop past, uttering blood-curdling Whoos. Every morning would find him seated on the electric wire waiting for Tigger to emerge on to the verandah for his morning saucer of milk. Immediately he appeared Owl would swoop through the arches of the verandah, hardly grazing the breakfast table, screaming vengeance.

At first Tigger tossed his head in the air with a don't-care expression, but soon his nerves became frayed. His tail dropped, his eye became furtive, and at the first Whooh he would take refuge behind a curtain. Even King Crow thought things were going a little too far and came and sat on the wire beside Owl one morning and pecked his tail every time he dared to move. The climax came one day just before we left our bungalow for the hills. One evening I heard wild screamings from the back-yard, and, running downstairs, I found Tigger and Owl locked in what looked like a death struggle. A boy ran out with a stick and separated them, but for a long time Tigger lay panting on his back on the floor, and I should not like to say how the struggle would have ended if there had been no intervention.

Tigger is now enjoying the coolness of the hills, and the bungalow, with full hunting rights, is left to Owl.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait group by Arthur Devis	£1500
Portrait attributed to Frank Hals	£1200
George II silver tray	£735
24 silver-gilt plates, 1806	£305
Three Queen Anne casters	£201

JOHN TALKS IT OVER WITH DADDIE

Patriotism

One of the little men growing up to rule the world Tomorrow has been talking things over with his Daddie, who was ruling the world Yesterday. This is their talk on Patriotism.

JOHN. Dad, what is a patriot?

DAD. A patriot, my lad, is one who loves his country.

JOHN. What does that mean, Dad?

DAD. Well, a fellow who takes a great interest in its welfare.

JOHN. What is welfare?

DAD. Oh, being rich and prosperous and happy.

JOHN. But everybody must want that; who are the people who are not patriots?

DAD. People who think only of themselves.

JOHN. But when you want to be rich and prosperous and happy, aren't you thinking of yourself, Dad?

DAD. Well, I suppose I am in a way.

JOHN. Well, then, what's the difference between a patriot and a non-patriot?

DAD. A patriot is one who thinks of his own country first and a non-patriot thinks of other countries first.

JOHN. How does a country become rich?

DAD. By trading with other countries.

JOHN. Then, if those countries aren't rich too, how can they buy our goods?

DAD. Of course they must have money to buy our goods.

JOHN. Well, why is it not patriotic to think of other countries first?

DAD. Oh, that isn't what I meant at all.

JOHN. What did you mean, Dad?

DAD. Well, suppose one of these other countries came to attack, then the patriot would do everything he possibly could to see that they didn't succeed.

JOHN. What would the non-patriots do?

DAD. They'd become conscientious objectors.

JOHN. What are conscientious objectors, Dad?

DAD. Fellows who refuse to fight at any price.

JOHN. What do you mean by any price?

DAD. Well, I mean that suppose an enemy were to come over and invade you and threaten your independence, they wouldn't fight even then.

JOHN. Is independence very important then, Dad?

DAD. Of course it is; the most important thing in the world, which every self-respecting nation will fight and die for.

JOHN. Dad, is Wales a nation?

DAD. Yes, a small nation.

JOHN. Are the Welsh independent?

DAD. Not exactly. They're part of us, you know.

JOHN. Are the Welsh unhappy?

DAD. No, I don't think so. Why?

JOHN. Because if they haven't got independence, why don't they start fighting for it?

DAD. Oh, they're not such fools.

JOHN. But, Dad, you said it was the most important thing in the world.

DAD. Oh yes, I did; but, you see, Wales is only such a small nation.

JOHN. Then, Dad, is independence only important to big nations?

DAD. Oh! Stop asking questions and go to bed.

JOHN. Didn't you say invasion was something we must all fight against?

DAD. Yes, yes, I did.

JOHN. Was William the Conqueror an invader?

DAD. Yes, he was.

JOHN. Then, why are we all so proud of our families coming from William the Conqueror?

DAD. Well, you see, he was a conqueror who did the country a lot of good.

JOHN. Then invasion can't always be a bad thing, can it?

DAD. No; in some cases it's a very good thing. But go to bed—

John goes.

THE HAT IN A BOX

A Little Story of the Civil War

A short time ago an American lady of Memphis in Tennessee came across a tiny grass doll's hat carefully preserved in tissue paper inside a heavy box. It was quaint and old, and the woman became curious about its history.

Feeling sure that the funny little hat would not have been so treasured unless it had some special significance, she began to make inquiries about it and learned its history.

Seventy years ago, shortly before the close of the American Civil War, the wife of a Confederate major wove the little grass hat with loving care for a favourite niece. Tying a ribbon round it, she sent her gift on its way with the hope that it would reach her niece safely.

Through the Union Lines

In the meantime the Northerners had moved and cut off the little girl's home from communication with her relatives. When the doll's hat reached the Union lines through which it had to pass to reach the niece, an officer opened the package and searched the hat and wrappings for any sign of a message.

Then, having satisfied himself that there was no information with the hat, he sent the gift on to the little girl to whom it was addressed, with the following note:

Let this little hat pass. It is as frail as the Confederate cause.

Frail or no, the little hat has survived to see America a united family of over a hundred million people.

AN OLD CHURCH

IN DANGER

In January of 1711 the Vicar of Horninghold wrote in his diary:

I officiated not then at Horninghold for fear I should catch cold to ye hazard of my life from the chancel windows, these being broken, and yet Mr Atkins would not upon my several warnings of him get them mended this frosty and snowy weather.

We feel that Mr Atkins was most remiss; but now the church in this pretty village is even more sadly in need of repair, and, happily or not, he is not here to oppose the vicar in getting something done.

There are only about 60 people living in Horninghold, some of whom have no work, and they obviously cannot be expected to provide the £1000 needed to save a building which is of interest far beyond their village. This church shows almost every period of architecture from Norman days, and has in particular a Norman doorway on which are sculptured animals supposed to represent Satan warring against the Church. One is probably a lion, and on the other side are a dove and a lamb.

There is a fine ceiling, but the roof has to be propped up, and the strain on the walls is so great that they are bulging dangerously. Horninghold itself has raised £123 toward the restoration fund, and the rector (Rev G. L. Bennett, Blaston Rectory, Market Harborough) would be delighted to see the big effort of his congregation backed up by one or two readers of the C.N.

THE CHEAP STREAMLINE

If American news is to be believed the streamlined train is not only fast but amazingly cheap to run.

The three-car streamlined train of the American Burlington Railroad is operated about as cheaply as an average car, so far as fuel costs are concerned.

On the 1015-mile run from Denver to Chicago the fuel oil consumed cost about £4; on the same run a steam train would use about £50 worth of coal.

Since the new milk scheme came into operation the consumption of milk at the elementary schools in York has increased from 2000 to 7738 bottles a day.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST INHABITANTS

DISAPPEARING OAK AND ASH

Which is Better—A Quick Profit or a Lovely Countryside?

ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD'S ACORNS

English oak, clothing the countryside even in December with its russet cloak; beech and elm, ash and sycamore, may come to be only a memory to our great-grandchildren.

Some of these hardwood trees have been here thousands of years, since most of England was forest; but in fifty years, certainly in a hundred years, the face of the country will be as different from now as now it is from those primeval days. Except in parks and gardens the oak and its ancient companions will be no more seen.

They will have been swept away in the march of progress, which asks for soft-wood trees, like spruce and larch and pine, quicker and far more profitable to grow.

The Demand For Soft Woods

The war, which destroyed so much, had no pity on the beauty of England's trees, and the Forestry Commission, busily engaged in making good the timber then cut down, has only now covered about one half of the acreage felled. But the Commission is a trading department and, though it may pause and turn aside now and then for beauty's sake, its first consideration is to supply the overwhelming demand for soft-wood timber. Last year it planted 23,000,000 spruce and 15,000,000 pine, but only half a million ash and less than a million oak.

But there are other English planters besides the businesslike Forestry Commission. In the 19th century, and before, the people who had the land took a pride in planting noble trees which they might never live to see attain their full splendour, but which would gladden the eyes of those who came after them. A true story is told of an old English gentleman (he was Admiral Collingwood, Nelson's friend) who took a bag of acorns with him wherever he went so that he might plant an oak to replenish the wooden walls of Old England. We do not believe that the spirit of Admiral Collingwood has gone, and we are certain that the Men of the Trees, who love trees as themselves, and are never happy except when persuading all and sundry of their worth and beauty, have many followers.

A Great Opportunity

These must take up the labour of love of old time. They must see that local authorities plant trees instead of lopping them, and replenish avenues instead of cutting them down. There is a great opportunity for planting along the new roads, and those who use them or live by them must see that the right old trees spring up there. Then, again, the old song may be revived:

*The oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countree.*

Some will not be sure about the bonny ivy tree, but there is much to be said for the suggestion of Professor Salisbury that the trees belonging to the district should be planted, such as the bird cherry by the roadside in the north-west and the rowan, birch, and Durmast oak in the west.

Sources of English Beauty

Professor Trevelyan has also been pleading for the old trees that make up our noble landscapes. Save our English beauty, says he; and we cannot do it by planting millions of Scots Pines or Douglas Firs. Give us oak and ash and beech and elm and chestnut to replace those now so quickly destroyed, or our England will become a foreign land,

FROZEN HERRING

Men Thinking It Out

CAN WE HAVE IT FRESH ALL THE YEAR ROUND?

A very great problem the humble herring has become. If only we could get him without bones, and if only we could preserve him all the year round!

One of the troubles is that a herring has to be a fresh herring. It is its finest quality and its greatest handicap. If it is not fresh nobody wants it and, as we have regretfully seen, it has to be thrown back into the sea.

Herrings are caught off Scotland from June to August and off Yarmouth during October and November. After that the herring ceases to be fresh and nobody wants it except as a kipper.

Problems in Refrigeration

But if herrings could be preserved over a prolonged period so as to present an appearance of freshness there would be no glut and the herring industry would prosper because it would cease to be seasonal. The way toward this result might be found in freezing. Beef and mutton are frozen and preserved at Smithfield for months together. Frozen meat comes from Argentina and New Zealand; we eat frozen game, fruit, and butter nearly all the year round. Why not frozen fish?

The difficulty is that the fibre of fish presents more and different problems in refrigeration than some other food materials. It has long been the subject of research and no cheap and satisfactory way of freezing fish has been found.

In short, it does not yet pay to freeze herrings or any other fish sold at a low price. Experiments are being made with a way of freezing with brine. If the cost can be cut down and the fibre of the herring is not injured to the point of losing its taste we ought to be able to obtain cheap herring all the year round and abolish the glut of this first-rate food altogether.

THE PRODIGY

Various accounts are reaching this country from America of a marvellous Jewish boy of New York who taught himself to read at the age of four.

He is not yet seven, but can out-argue his father on serious subjects, which sounds rather dreadful. He knows the constellations, which is no more difficult than to distinguish a rose from a daisy. He is also said to love polysyllables, and to use with knowledge such words as evolution and encyclopedia. He can add up four columns of figures at a glance.

We can only hope the little fellow will not be seen on the films, but we fear it; he seems the sort of star that is destined to shine on screens.

Continued from the previous column

and all its characteristic beauty will have departed.

The Forestry Commission cannot be blamed for planting conifers by the million, for they grow quickly and yield commercial timber in a short space of time; but they ought systematically to plant the slow-growing hardwood trees which mean so much to beauty.

The Scots and Douglas firs are lovely, too, when they are given space to develop. In addition to planting them for profit, close together, so that they make stout stems innocent of branches and therefore free from knots, let the Commission border their thick dark forests with firs given ample room, and mixed with the grace of birch and the glory of oak and beech.

We want a Forestry Commission which looks on trees not only as sources of quick profit but as sources of grace and light and loveliness, and of English beauty also. In too many places the fine trees which were planted by departed land-owners are disappearing.

There should be a law to forbid the cutting of any such, save by licence.

THE BRAVE TEACHER AND HIS LITTLE ONES

EDUCATION UNDER ARMS

Small Sidelights on the Trend of Life Under Hitlerism

THE FRIENDS OF EUROPE

In these conflicting times the truth about Germany may be regarded as the whole world's business.

It is not easy to arrive at, for while the world's newspapers are filled with reports of Nazi tyranny under the Hitler régime, many honest Germans protest, like their censored newspapers, by word and letter, that all is well with a Germany rightly struggling to be free.

The strongest contention of these zealous people is that all that is happening and has happened is the assertion of German youth. Certainly what we much wish to know is how German youth is itself being influenced. Train up a child in the way it should go.

Old Teachers Dismissed

A most valuable effort to get at the whole truth about Germany is being made by the group of Friends of Europe, among whom are Sir Austen Chamberlain, Professor Einstein, Mr J. L. Garvin, and Mr Wickham Steed, who are publishing a series of pamphlets intended to present various aspects of Germany by eye-witnesses of proved integrity and honesty. The latest of them deals with education under Hitler.

From it we learn that in many if not in most schools in Germany the old staff of teachers has been replaced by Nazis. The old teachers, who had no concern with politics, have been dismissed with small pensions unless they were believed to be harmless Liberals, and some have no pension at all.

A few have survived the transformation, and under terrible difficulties try to preserve something of the former ways and to counteract the effect of an education which from top to bottom is flavoured with vehement politics.

This handful of brave men and women deserve the admiration and gratitude of the world, and above all of future generations of Germans, for their mild instruction is given at great risk. An indiscreet word carried home by a child would be enough to throw them out of work without a pension.

Good Morning, Children

The tale told of one such teacher is pathetic in its description of a small act of bravery. When the children raise their hands every morning at the beginning of school and mechanically cry Heil, Hitler, the master, recalling the kindly old days, replies only with the time-honoured Good Morning, children.

It is a small thing, so trivial as to seem hardly worth mentioning, but its significance lies in the fact that it may one day cost the man his livelihood. Yet its greater significance is that the children notice it, admire their teacher's courage, know what it may cost him, and hold their tongues.

The offices of the Friends of Europe from which these leaflets are issued are at St Stephen's House, Westminster.

THE GREAT ROUND ROOM AT BLOOMSBURY

Somebody has at last written to one of our great newspapers complaining of the terrible "fug" in the reading-room of the British Museum. It must be one of our worst ventilated halls.

Year in and year out every reader who enters the great round room seems to strike against the noxious atmosphere, which has been described by a foreign doctor as a morbid climate.

No wonder that in the early afternoon we see readers here with their heads on their books, fast asleep. No wonder a writer protests that, "though the reading-room is one of the glories of British culture, its vitiated atmosphere is a disgrace to British hygiene."

FILLING A NEW TREASURE HOUSE

A MILLION MINERALS

London's Newest Museum of the Oldest Things

WHAT THE EARTH IS MADE OF

London's newest house of treasures, the Geological Museum, is the scene of ant-like activity just now.

Its long-deferred move from Jermyn Street to a fine modern home in South Kensington is now an actuality, and the museum will be formally opened next June. It had a bad beginning with the failure of the World Economic Conference, but we may hope the new fossils will be a greater success.

The rumble and shattering vibration of motor-traffic became too much for the old structure built nearly a century ago in Piccadilly, and the cast-iron roof was so dangerous that it had to be shored up by a forest of heavy timber baulks which shut off all daylight and made it necessary for the interior of the museum to be lit artificially if anything was to be seen by daytime of the contents of its innumerable cases and shelves, containing specimens of every mineral known.

Illuminated Picture Models

There are more than a million of those specimens, and they all had to be packed carefully, transported to South Kensington from Piccadilly, and just as carefully unpacked.

The new building is splendidly lighted, magnificently equipped, and situated in the heart of London's Museum Land. The Curator, Dr W. F. P. McIntock, was good enough to take a friend of the C.N. round the building the other day.

Children will be specially welcomed here, and specially interested too, if only by the illuminated picture models ranged in two lines on either side of the cases on the ground floor. There are several of these, and they include a Portland Stone Quarry, a slate quarry in Wales, a jungle scene from the first days of man, and a terrible, drear picture of what England was like countless of thousands of years ago.

How Glaciers Develop

This ground floor is devoted to the principles of geology. Here we may learn in detail how glaciers develop, how volcanoes work, how rain affects the stony surfaces of the Earth. Here, too, are cases of precious stones.

Divided into 15 or 16 districts, each of which will have its own alcove, the first of the upper galleries is being arranged to display the regional geology of our own country, the structure of each district being explained by specimens, photographs, and diagrams of the greatest variety and beauty. The gallery above that is being given up to economic geology, which tells us all about the minerals we use in our daily life.

Higher up are two galleries reserved for students, with mineral and rock specimens in myriads of cupboards and drawers on one side and fossils on the other side.

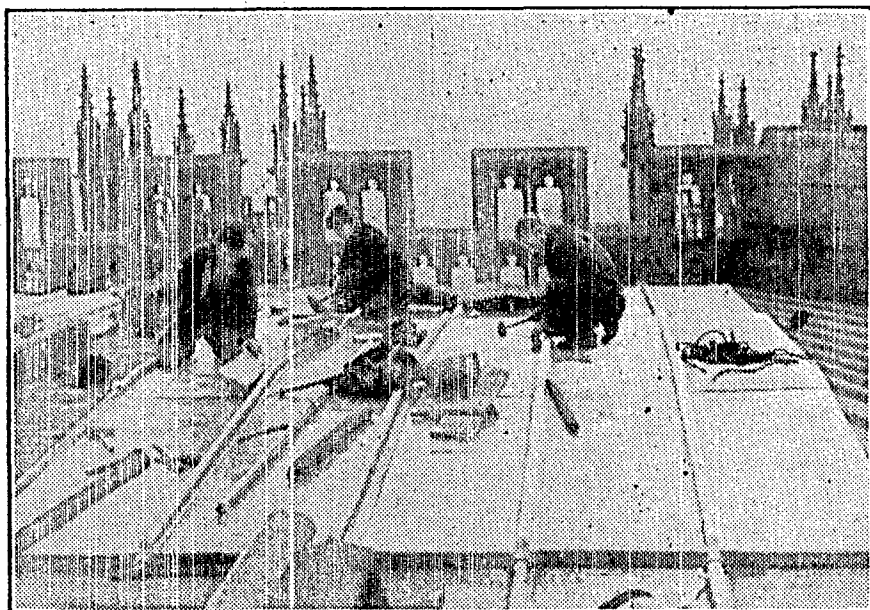
A Private Kinema

The bright library contains over 50,000 books and 30,000 pamphlets. The cellars are stocked with uncounted specimens not good enough for display, but necessary for purposes of record-keeping. A small regiment of carpenters is even now busy making shelves and containers to hold these.

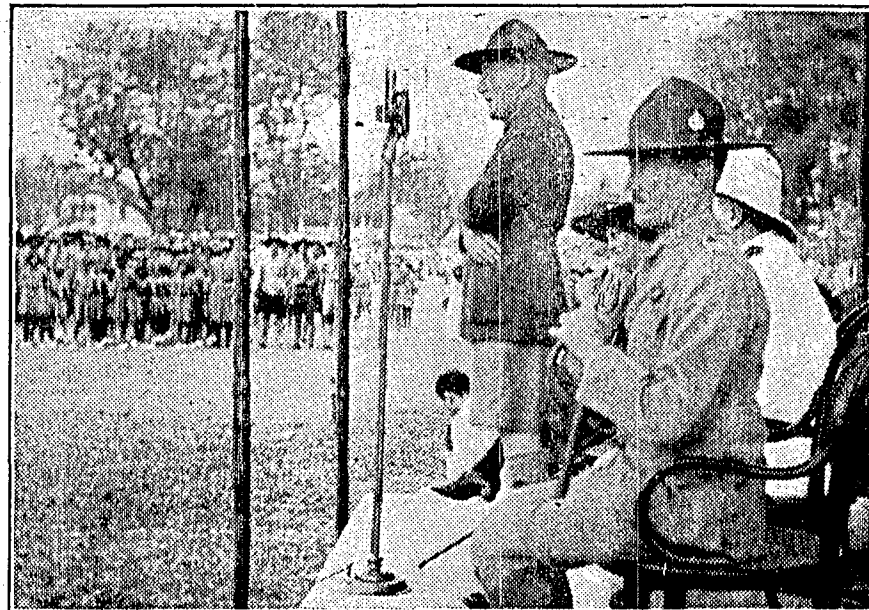
Finally, among the other equipment of this remarkable museum, to which scientists from the ends of the Earth will be bending their footsteps next summer, are a fine map-making department and a private kinema in which films will show geological progress month by month.

Sir John Flett, the Director, will be a proud man when his fellow-scientists assemble next summer for the opening of the museum to which he has given so many years of his life.

YORK MINSTER ROOF · CHIEF SCOUT IN THE EAST · CHRISTMAS CAROLS



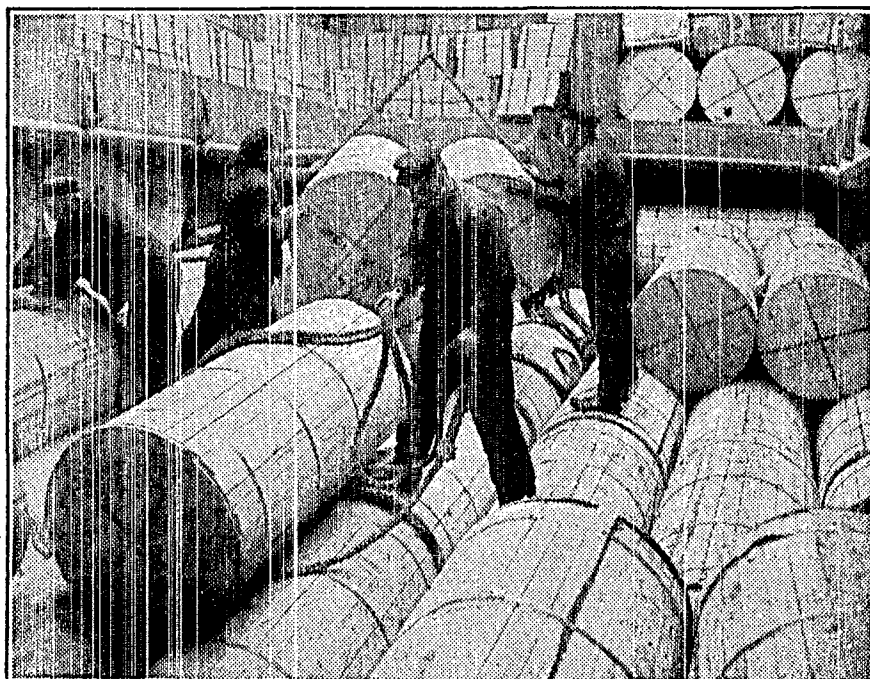
A New Roof—These men are fixing lead sheeting on the central tower of York Minster, an important part of the renovation work at the cathedral.



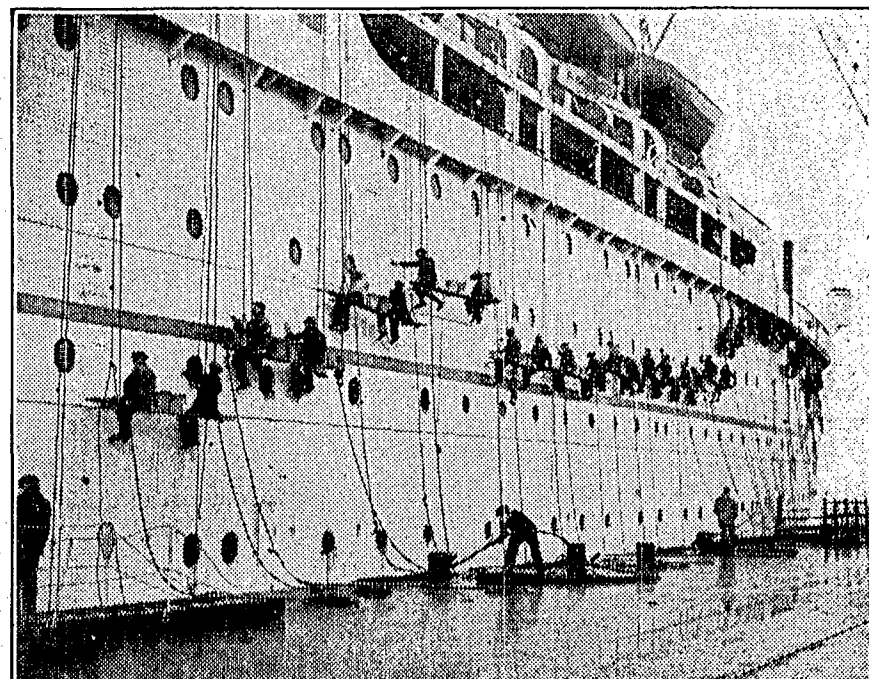
B-P at Penang—The Chief Scout addressing Scouts and Guides in Penang, one of the Straits Settlements. He and Lady Baden-Powell are going to Melbourne for the World Jamboree.



Christmas Carols—The Lord Mayor of London's Boy Players singing carols at the Guildhall.



A Cargo of Paper—Loading the hold of a ship with reels of newsprint made in Finland. Paper is that country's most valuable production.



A Coat of White—Painters at work on the side of the Empress of Britain while she was being made ready at Southampton for her cruise round the world.

A GOOD THING DONE IN EGYPT

The Animals of the Poor

GREAT WORK OF THE P.D.S.A.

One of the fine things of this year has been the starting of a hospital for sick animals of the poor in Cairo.

The Egyptian Government has granted the land on which to build, and the formal opening is to be in the spring. In the meantime the British agents have been at work organising this movement and a temporary dispensary and caravan have been set up.

The Cairo hospital is the latest extension in the wonderful work initiated during the war by Mrs Dickin, O.B.E., the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

An up-to-date report gives an idea of the magnitude of the work already being done elsewhere. In England alone there are 68 dispensaries, 7 caravans, 4 ambulances, and a large animal hospital working among the poor.

A Year's Great Record

Last year nearly a million animals were cared for, requiring five tons of chloroform, a ton of cotton-wool, 20,000 bandages, 5000 yards of adhesive plaster, and 10,000,000 medicine powders!

This vast work grew out of a start made in a cellar in Whitechapel, where on the first day four patients were attended to. During the war people were too busy to think of their dogs and cats, their horses and donkeys, and the heart of Mrs Dickin could not bear the sufferings of the neglected animal world.

Very simple accidents may cause great distress. Here are examples:

A dog with a blade of grass under its eyelid.

A cat with a splinter of glass in its paw.

A dog that had swallowed a wheel from an alarm clock.

A cat with half-an-inch of rubber hose pipe jammed into its mouth.

A puppy that had made a hearty meal of nails.

All are encouraged to bring all sorts and conditions of domestic animals and pets to these centres of help, even poultry, parrots, guinea-pigs, and tame mice; it is as at Dr Barnardo's: no destitute creature is ever turned away.

Splendid News

Bucharest had its first hospital less than two years ago, Paris four years ago; Morocco and Tangier within the last four years; and now Egypt's turn has come.

This is great news considering the tales of neglect and cruelty which come from that country. In addition to free doctoring anyone can obtain advice on the proper care of animals.

Wherever these hospitals have been set up abroad hotel-keepers are only too glad to employ animals bearing the P.D.S.A. badge, because this is a certificate notifying that the animal is being well treated and looked after.

RUSSIA TAKES ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

Step by step Russia is coming out of her position of isolation from the family of nations.

We believe it is all for the good.

She has now been accepted for membership in the League of Red Cross Societies, a body which does for the Red Crosses of the world much the same sort of thing as the League of Nations does for its Governments—keeps them in touch with each other, gives them opportunities to discuss common problems round the council table, and studies ways and means of working together more harmoniously in the international field.

Russia's adhesion to this world league for doing good brings its membership up to 61 countries.

Charles Lamb Reports His Own Death

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY

Charles Lamb is dead. He died a hundred years ago on December 27, 1834.

Before he died he wrote an obituary notice of himself in his Essays of Elia, from which we take the following.

EXACTLY at twelve last night his queer spirit departed; and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year.

The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining-room of his friends Taylor and Hessey, and the company, assembled there to welcome in another first of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted.

A Singular Character

I am now at liberty to confess that much which I have heard objected to in my late friend's writings was well founded. Crude they are, I grant you (a sort of unlicked, incondite things), villainously pranked in an affected array of antique moods and phrases. They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him.

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he understood himself.

His Person and Appearance

He too much affected that dangerous figure Irony. He sowed doubtful speeches and reaped plain unequivocal hatred. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it.

Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was petit and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him in what is called good company, but, where he has been a stranger, sit

silent and be suspected for an odd fellow till (some unlucky occasion provoking it) he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken) which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies.

His Jests and Stories

His intimados, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else in the weed, pleased him. The burrs stuck to him, but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people.

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend has departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The impressions of infancy had burned into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were his weaknesses; but, such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

The Old Days

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in among them. "There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks," he would say, "than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with." He would brighten up sometimes on the "old days of the India House."

Well, Elia is gone, for aught I know, to be re-united with them, and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime a few glittering words only. His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will read, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."

TURNING A PLAGUE INTO GOLD

IN Canada they look without fear and with favour on the wasp. Next summer there is to be a Canadian Government wasp farm.

These wasps are not the brindled black-and-gold variety regarded with so much disfavour when they invade the jam at the breakfast-table. They are more warlike and workmanlike creatures known as the black long-winged wasp of the Hungarian Plains.

They are the enemies, not of the human race, but of the tsetse-fly. The tsetse-fly is the carrier of sleeping sickness, and though this dread disease is most widely identified with Africa there are certain districts in Canada so infested by it that sleeping sickness there has become a dreaded menace.

Because of it the Hungarian wasp was introduced and has done fine work in clearing off tsetses and in reducing the number of new sleeping-sickness cases. So successful were its efforts that an

English research worker was commissioned by the Canadian Government last summer to visit Hungary and seek for more. He arrived at the village of Izsak and must have been welcomed there as a new and beneficent Pied Piper, for when he reached it the village was suffering from an August plague of wasps, which descended in clouds on the fruit trees and threatened to deprive the villagers of their harvest.

But this mysterious Englishman turned the plague into gold.

He set 60 workmen to work, and paid out in wages £50 a week to them for collecting the wasps and other insects and larvae in sacks.

It was a golden harvest for Izsak and is still a cause of wonder. But though only a proportion of the black long-winged Hungarians landed as living immigrants in Canada it is confidently expected that they will pay a high rate of interest on the expenditure.

OUR HERITAGE

The Bible in Nearly 680 Languages

SCHOLAR GIPSY'S DEVOTED LABOUR

It is unlikely that any copies of Our Heritage, the latest report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, will be thrown into the wastepaper basket. Many a learned society might learn from it a lesson in making a report attractive.

Not for some time has the society had such an encouraging year. Last year's deficit has not only been wiped out but there has been a small surplus. The income, which had been declining for three years, has increased by £31,000.

Nearly 11 million volumes of the Scriptures were issued last year. The great event was the appearance of the Bible printed in Afrikaans, and about a quarter of a million copies are already in circulation in South Africa. Gospels in eleven new languages have now been added, so that there are now books of Scripture in nearly 680 languages.

Brigands in a Bible Class

A gipsy made a translation of St John's Gospel into Lettish Romany. It took him five years. As he has a large family and has to work hard to support them he did the translation by night, often working without a fire in winter. How interested George Borrow, the Bible man and friend of the Gipsies, would have been! Sir Donald Macalister describes the book as a valuable contribution to Romany literature.

Brigands are not all as black as they are painted. One night the Rev T. Darlington was prevented from doing his evening visiting by 200 Chinese brigands, who started a reign of terror in the city. So he and his wife opened their chapel and asked the brigands in. They played hymn tunes on a harmonium and a cornet. Soon a party of ruffians shambled in and listened with interest to a reading from the Gospels in their own language.

They came every night, and then they were invited to join a Bible class. By 4.30 the next morning a crowd of brigands arrived outside the house, all holding out money to pay for their Bibles. They renounced their lawless ways, and persuaded other people to follow their example.

A VERY SERIOUS THING

Not a Million People on Our Farms

All the efforts of the Ministry of Agriculture have failed to stay the fall in our agricultural population.

In June, last year, the count gave 595,700 regular and 119,800 casual workers; last June the figures had fallen to 575,600 regular and 112,100 casual workers. So the total fell by 27,800. In Scotland there was a fall of 300.

The main fall in England and Wales was in regular adult male workers.

In all this country there are now less than 800,000 men, women, boys, and girls earning wages on farms.

POISON IN THE ACORN

Few people know that acorns are poisonous.

The Ministry of Agriculture, in a leaflet on the subject, points out that in a dry season, when acorns are plentiful and grass is thin, there is a likelihood of cattle eating so many acorns (without sufficient dilution of other foods) that they become poisoned.

Young cattle up to two years old are most susceptible; milch cows and cattle of over three years are seldom affected, and sheep very rarely.

The danger can be removed by giving the fresh acorns collected from the pastures. Pigseats them safely enough, it seems.

A TINY SPECK OF LIGHT

WHERE TO FIND AND FOLLOW CERES

A Little World That Man Could Not Conquer

TOO HOT AND TOO COLD

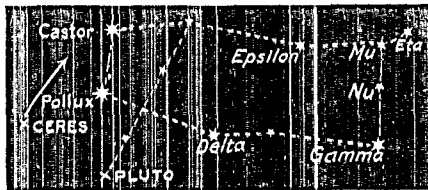
By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world of Ceres is now high in the south-east of an evening, situated on the borders of Gemini, as shown on the accompanying star-map, and approaching seventh magnitude.

She will be seen to great advantage on any clear and dark night during the next couple of months, coming nearer to us than is often the case, and so appearing brighter.

Ceres may be readily observed with field-glasses, and the path which she may be seen to follow until the end of February is indicated in the star-map that appeared last week, which shows all the stars in the vicinity that are likely to be seen through the glasses.

Ceres will appear about as bright as the faintest stars shown on that map;



The chief stars of Gemini, showing where to find Ceres and the position of Pluto

only very few stars in addition to the brilliant Castor and Pollux being perceptible to the naked eye.

Ceres will pass above Castor toward the end of February, when she will be less than the Moon's apparent diameter away from that star, the extent of her movement in a couple of days amounting to a space equal to the apparent width of the Moon. The motion of Ceres is therefore very appreciable.

At present Ceres is about 150 million miles away and will be at her nearest about January 15, after which she will slowly recede as the Earth leaves her behind; for our world travels much faster in her orbit than does Ceres, notwithstanding the fact that the Earth is 5000 times larger and probably 8000 times heavier.

Ceres has a diameter of only about 480 miles and so could be placed within the limits of the North Sea. Providing she did not roll about or break loose and roll over Europe she might be regarded as an acquisition; the spectacle of such a globe towering nearly 500 miles into the blue, apart from being most impressive, might seem to provide a much-longed-for new world to conquer.

Ceres is so small, as worlds go, and no risky rocket or any other equally impossible scheme for spanning inter-planetary space would need to be evolved to try to get there.

An Impossible Task

Actually, however, man would find Ceres much more difficult to conquer than the Earth. For one thing she has no appreciable atmosphere, and so the surface would be intensely hot by day and terribly cold at night; so, apart from the absence of air, colonisation would be far less attractive than even on the top of Everest.

A sphere of barren rock and frozen elements would greet explorers together with an insurmountable difficulty, for gravitation on Ceres amounts to no more than about one-thirtieth of that of the Earth, a pound weighing little more than half an ounce. Therefore a human being could not exist there even if, despite the Earth's attraction, he managed to cling on by some mechanical means. Thus, even if Ceres were brought within reach, she would provide an impossible task for man's much-vaunted prowess for conquering new worlds. G. F. M.

PORTLAND IS IN THE STONE AGE

The Walls of London's University

Mr Holden has been to Portland to choose the stone for his new London University, just as Wren went there long ago for stone to build St Paul's.

By the time Mr Holden's plans are completed, and his great University tower stands 210 feet above Bloomsbury, he will have used more stone than Wren needed for his cathedral. Ever since Wren's day men have been cutting out this lovely stone; building after building has risen to add dignity to London and other cities; and still the quarries have stone to offer.

How the Industry is Run

Yet the whole of Portland is only four miles long and less than half as wide. There are not more than 600 quarrymen and 350 masons in the community, and some of them still own much of the quarry land; they have leased it to the companies which run the industry. A few cut their own stone and receive royalties for it.

The whole industry is run on piece-work, the men refusing to join the unions unless they were allowed to work on that basis. Portland men never go to other quarries, for Portland stone needs a particular kind of working. The isle has many fissures running north and south, with some breaks running east and west; the Whitbed, containing the finest stone, consists of three layers about five feet deep, separated by layers of inferior stone.

The Stone of the Cenotaph

Good and bad alike are full of shells and marine fossils, for Portland stone was built up when the isle was still under the sea. Every building built of this beautiful stone has relics of a sea age plain to see, even the great stone figures of the Prophets high above London on the roof of St Paul's.

The Wakeham quarry is supplying the University stone, and the new Midland Bank in Manchester will take 4000 tons from the same spot. The new Manchester Library came from a quarry near by. Weston Quarry gave the stone for the front of Buckingham Palace; but the quarry which supplied the stone for the Cenotaph is earthed over, and a garden has been planted on the top.

WHAT WILL COME OF THIS?

Like a Life Slowed Down To 30,000 Years

A new instrument has been devised which can take photographs of things happening which make them look as though they were taking 4000 times as long as they actually do.

It is as if a man's life were lengthened out to 30,000 years.

It is a slow-motion cinematograph camera called the stroborama, and takes fifty photographs in quick succession with an exposure of a millionth of a second for each one. It has been made for engineering research work and the testing of high-speed machinery; but who can say what will come of it?

BY TRAIN IN INDIA A Queer Point

So many of the Indian population contrive to travel on the railways without a ticket that serious losses are occurring on almost every line.

The number of fares collected by ticket inspectors is only a fraction of the actual losses, although nearly three million passengers were detected last year. There has been much anxiety in India to reduce the cost of railway travel, but the ticket dodgers are making any reduction impossible through the immense losses they cause.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

William Wordsworth on Charles Lamb

DECEMBER 27

Charles Lamb, the immortal Elia, died on December 27, 1834. A beautiful tribute to his memory was paid by Wordsworth, and from this we take these lines.

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart

From the great city where he first drew breath,
Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk

By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
His spirit, but the recompense was high;

Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;

And when the precious hours of leisure came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets

With a keen eye and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love

Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth

As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.

From the most gentle creature nursed in fields
Had been derived the name he bore: a name,
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;

And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life;

Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt

That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed

To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

To Mothers Everywhere

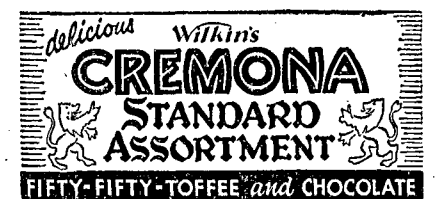
A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home



THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighty-
one of the love-
liest biscuits
to choose from
at tea time!
Ask mummy to
buy you some.

Emblem
Assorted
Biscuits
Made only by
CARR'S
of CARLISLE



THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story
By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 44

The Cur

ABOUT six o'clock that evening there burst into East House a wild, dishevelled creature, throbbing with terror, who dashed blindly into his study, and thence into the Sixth Room where were Deane and Channing and Wilde, with one or two others. They started and stared at this frenzied creature's appearance.

Then Deane shouted out. "What on earth is the matter with you, Gastalin?" Gastalin, for it was no other, though so changed from the smooth and leering person whom they knew, swayed on his feet for an instant as though he would fall, and gasped breathlessly:

"Was young Harbour in for roll?"

"No, he wasn't!" snapped Deane.

"What's the matter?"

"I knew it!" cried Gastalin in a thick, choking voice. "I knew it! I've been hunting everywhere for him."

"For whom?"

"For Harbour," said Gastalin, with a dazed glare. "I walked with him down the lane. But he hasn't come back."

"Well, you've come back," Channing growled.

"I know," muttered Gastalin. "I haven't go on. I left Harbour to go on by himself. He's vanished."

"Where did he go to?"

"I don't know," moaned Gastalin.

They had never seen him so abject and utterly cowed.

They were crowding round him, but Deane motioned them back.

"No," he said, taking charge of the situation, "we'll give Gastalin time to control himself and tell us in a reasonable way what has happened before we have any panicking, if you don't mind. In the meantime, Channing, you slip out and collect a few chaps and send them round to look for Harbour, but quietly, mark you. Send chaps you can trust, Channing. They mustn't let out what they're doing."

"I understand," replied Channing, and slipped from the room.

He returned in five or six minutes, and nodded to Deane.

"You have told them to keep their mouths shut?"

"Yes," Channing reported.

"That's good!" said Deane. "We needn't lose our heads yet awhile. Now, Gastalin! Just pull yourself together and tell us what happened."

"I've told you," said Gastalin, almost whimpering.

"Oh, no! When did you see Harbour? What was he doing? Where did you go with him? And where did you leave him?"

Gastalin, whose face was the colour of ashes, said, "I wanted to frighten Harbour. It was my fault, Deane—"

"Your fault that he's gone!" exclaimed Channing.

"No, not that way, Channing. I mean it was my fault—I spied on him after dinner. I stole on him from the hedge—he was chatting with Senex—and I dared him—Deane, I dared him to go for a walk with me." Gastalin's words had been coming in hard, frightened gasps, and as they ceased he seemed about to break down again.

"But how do you mean you dared him?" Wilde cried so savagely that it acted on Gastalin like the lash of a whip.

"I mean," he screamed, "that I wanted to frighten young Harbour, so I asked him if he dared to come for a walk with me. Before that I had sprung out from the hedge, as I told you. It's all my fault. Oh, I blame myself," he said wretchedly. "Harbour answered something about not being clever enough. I didn't know what he was driving at. Then we went, Deane."

"Yes, then?" Deane insisted.

"Why, then," said Gastalin, dropping his head in his hands, "we went on very slowly—"

"Where?"

"Up the lane. We went up the lane and young Harbour seemed rather funny. I mean, he seemed all strung up—and I got frightened. I didn't like it. I thought of Crittall and Dunstable. I begged him to turn back. But he wouldn't turn back."

"So you left him? Is that it?"

"Yes, I left him," said Gastalin.

"You're a bit of a cur, you know, aren't you?" Wilde uttered contemptuously.

"I've been searching for him since. I went back to look for him."

Now Channing had never removed his eyes from his face. "Deane, I don't believe that is all this cur knows," he pronounced. "Get out of him why he has gone round spying and hinting, and gloating and rubbing his beastly hands. I believe he does

know something." Channing's indignation was rising. "Why, Deane," he went on, "he even accused Mrs Verity of being in the know and of being a Clavdyieu or something. She told me he did. And he's got a little pocket diary, Deane. I spotted him using it once. He shoves notes down in it."

"I don't see why he shouldn't?" Deane said impartially.

But this wouldn't do for Channing. "I do," he insisted, "when his nasty little notes are all about what has been happening." Channing shuddered. "He isn't wholesome," he said. "He does know something."

All looked hard at Gastalin.

They had never seen a person give way so utterly. He opened his lips but no speech came, he flinched from their eyes, and throwing himself into a chair he beat at it with his hands in an agony of disagreeable abasement. In sheer disgust they averted their gaze from the spectacle.

But Deane would not tolerate this. He strode to the man, and shook him by the shoulder roughly and heavily. "Answer Channing's question," he commanded.

CHAPTER 45

The Ghoul

BUT before they would let Gastalin go on they made him stand up and face them like a man, as Wilde hotly insisted. Which brought so much spirit back to the miserable wretch that now he almost flung his words in their faces.

"Do you know why I came to Bodlands? I'll tell you," he cried. "It wasn't because I couldn't get in anywhere else. It was because I had read all the gruesome tales about the Clavdyieus and this place. And I'm built that way. I can't help enjoying uncanny things and mysterious things."

"Before you came, you say, you knew what a bad name this place had?"

"Yes, Deane, I did. I wasn't educated at a Prep school in England—"

"What a mercy for some Prep School or other," growled Wilde.

Gastalin gave him a venomous glance.

"I was brought up abroad, Deane, and my tutor there went in for old legends and histories. He wrote a book about the queer

misfortunes and accidents which, according to him, have dogged certain families in Britain, and all about their houses said to be haunted. He soaked me in it. And that's how I knew about the Clavdyieus, and how I got so interested in the subject."

"Very well," Deane said coldly. "And now we'll have a straight answer to Channing's question."

"I don't understand his question," Gastalin stammered.

"Oh, yes, you do. He put it plainly enough. Why have you been sneaking round spying and gloating?"

"And hinting that he knows something," Channing reminded them.

"I wanted," said Gastalin sourly, "to glean all I could."

"You wanted to frighten people. Is that what you mean, Gastalin?"

"You've hit it, skipper!" Wilde broke in, before Gastalin could answer. "The hound has been acting like that for malicious amusement. He enjoys frightening people."

"He's been trying to prey on our fears?"

"He's a ghoul!" declared Wilde.

"Yes. A ghoul who's been sowing seeds of suspicion," said Channing.

Gastalin wilted from them.

"Is that true, Gastalin?"

"Yes," he said in a broken whisper. "Yes, it's the truth, Deane. I—I can't help it, Deane. I'm built that way, Deane."

"Oh, built that way!" Channing exploded. "That's the second time, Gastalin, that you've told us that you're built in that horrible way! The sooner we unbuild you, the better. So you frightened Mrs Verity for your amusement?"

"I didn't frighten her first. She'd got hold of a book that had the name of a Clavdyieu on the flyleaf. I expect she'd picked it up at a second-hand bookshop. Anyhow that had given her her first fright, and I only sort of rubbed it in."

"You did more!" cried Channing. "You went round hinting among the juniors that Mrs Verity was a Clavdyieu in disguise?"

"I didn't hint that to many people," whined Gastalin.

"That doesn't matter, one or two were enough; you knew that your insinuation would spread." Channing turned to Deane.

"As a matter of fact, Deane," he said, "only yesterday the youngster who fags for me told me that the kids in the other Houses

were beginning to say that they wouldn't be in our House for all you could pay them because there was something mysterious about our Moggins!" He glared at Gastalin. "And that came from you!" he roared. "You were stuffing them up that Mrs Verity was really a Clavdyieu who had got herself here under a false name in order to work mischief."

"But I didn't mean it," wailed Gastalin. "I never meant it!"

"Then why did you sham it?"

"Oh, that's obvious, Channing," drawled Wilde. "It was part of his pretty idea for sowing suspicion and amusing himself by terrifying the youngsters."

"Gastalin, is that a fact?" Deane demanded.

"Yes," said Gastalin miserably.

Then the storm burst and they made a passionate rush at him. But Deane sprang in front of him, and waved them back.

"Steady!" he cried. "Later on we will deal with him faithfully. Oh, I promise you we will deal with him," he repeated.

"But if he's got one shred of decency left in him—"

"He hasn't!" shouted Wilde.

"Let's hope so," Deane remarked gravely.

"Gastalin, if you've one shred of decency left in you, give me the truthful answer to this question. Was it nothing but your curious idea of amusement which caused you to challenge Harbour to go for a walk with you? You were not a decoy, were you?"

Then a great and horrified cry burst from Gastalin's lips. "As sure as I live," he screamed, "I had nothing to do with it."

Deane looked at them all. "Then I fear," he began, but got no farther for somebody was tapping outside on the door. Deane motioned to Channing, who went and put out his head and they heard him whispering. Then, carefully closing the door, he stepped back again. "There isn't any sign of Harbour," he uttered.

CHAPTER 46

The Beckoning Hand

AFTER Gastalin had been overtaken by fear and, as he confessed to the Sixth Room, had deserted Harbour, Harbour had remained for some stupefied moments with all the suspicion of Gastalin vanished like mist. He had made so sure that Gastalin was in the know; he had felt so certain that Gastalin was in touch with the unknown agency that had sent him the challenge. On this conviction he had founded his project. If the Someone inside the school at whom he was aiming was not Gastalin then he could not believe it was anyone.

So his theories had come tumbling about his ears. After priding himself on working the problem well out he was just as far as ever from any solution. After deceiving himself that he was going to do something for the school and John Gravesend he was nothing, he found, but a silly ass after all.

These were his first bitter thoughts as he stood in the lane and watched Gastalin's figure receding. But his next thoughts returned to their proper channel again. Though Gastalin had gone—the challenge remained.

He might have imagined Gastalin as a prime mover; but he had not imagined the anonymous letter. The anonymous letter had come to him out of the darkness, inviting him to measure swords, if he dared, with the grim and mysterious forces terrorising the school. This remained just as sure, whatever else wavered, as though some cloaked and dread shape had sought him by night and darkly bidden him to rise up and follow.

Well, then, he'd carry on.

So, throwing Gastalin out of his mind, he continued his way down the lane, to discern as he neared the cottage of Jephthah, the ratcatcher, a film of smoke rising languidly from its chimney. So Jephthah, whose job took him to every corner of the county and often into the neighbouring counties as well, was home again, Harbour reflected, as he went on and presently drew abreast of the cottage itself standing in its patch of neglected garden.

He was glancing at the cottage as he went past when his eye was caught by the curtain in the window, a flimsy bit of muslin or something of that sort.

The curtain had been partly drawn to one side. And framed in the dark space where the curtain had been he distinguished a pair of eyes peering through the pane.

He came to a stop and stood staring. And while he stared the window slid up without sound, and the watching eyes were replaced by a hand that was beckoning. He had never a doubt that its summons was meant for himself.

Without hesitation he raised the latch of the gate, and went up the path to the door which opened of its own accord.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO HAS QUITE ENOUGH

IT always fascinated Jacko to hang around the livestock shop, watching the puppies and kittens and endless cages of birds.

One morning the shopman noticed him. "Want a nice little job?" he asked. "My lad's extra busy just now."

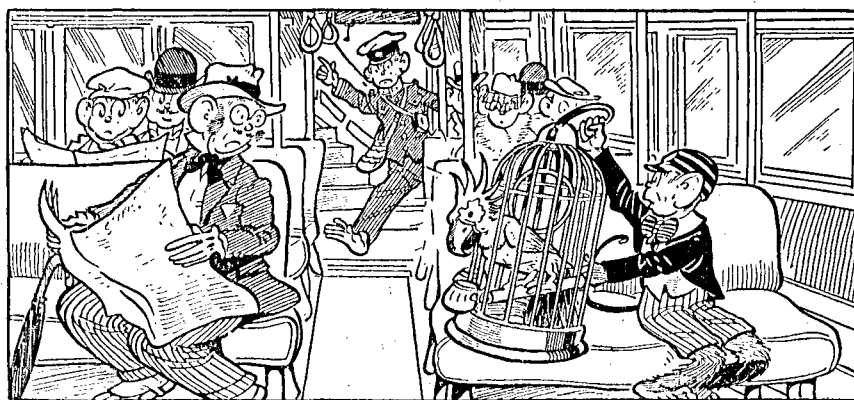
"Rather!" grinned Jacko.

"Well, here's a parrot and a cage

When it shrieked "Get off!" to those who got on the conductor was so wild that Jacko made for the door.

His arms ached as he trudged along; and so did his fingers with the parrot's playful pecks!

At last the house was reached and, with a sigh of relief, Jacko rang the bell. Nobody came. After two more



"Get off!" shrieked the parrot

to go to this address," said the man, "and 6d for you when you get back. You'd better step smartly," he added.

Jacko stepped, but not smartly: his load was too heavy for that. He had not gone far when the parrot started to screech furiously. To his disgust Jacko was soon hemmed in by an inquisitive crowd.

"Coo! It's worth a penny to get out of this," he muttered, jumping on a bus.

It wasn't any quieter in there, for Jacko promptly had a row when the conductor charged for the parrot as well. What was worse, the bird kept yelling out saucy remarks, which greatly annoyed an old gentleman opposite,

impatient rings the door was opened halfway by a scared-looking maid.

"Take that bird away before it bites," she screamed.

Jacko dropped the cage with a bump and stared blankly.

Just then a boy rushed up with a slip of paper. "Guv'nor's given you the wrong address," he cried. "Here's where you've got to take old Poll." Then off he ran again.

But Jacko was smart for once. Darting forward, he caught the boy up.

"Hi! No more parrots for me!" he panted. "You can have the job and the sixpence too!" And, chuckling loudly, he bolted up a side street.

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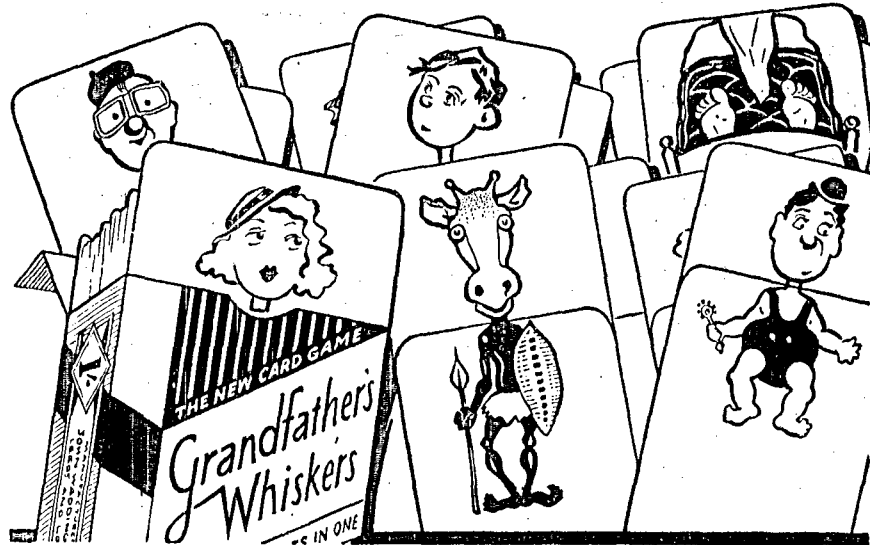
The more you search for Grandfather's Whiskers the more you will enjoy yourself—it's the most amusing and intriguing game ever devised and one that will afford you and your friends a merry evening's entertainment. Any number of players can take part—no difficult rules to remember—just one big spell of excitement and laughter.

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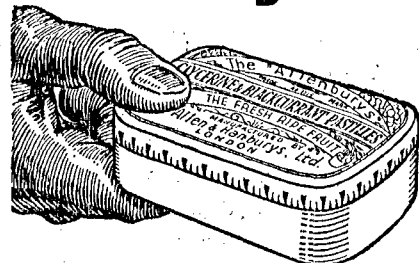
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EE CANADA to CAPE OF GOOD HOPE (I) (contains 74 Canada, 8 Cape).
FF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE (II) to COOK ISLANDS (contains 12 Cape, 19 Cayman Is., 47 Ceylon, 5 Maldives Is., 7 Cook Is.).
GG CYPRUS to EGYPT (I) (contains 25 Cyprus, 10 Dominica, 41 Egypt).
HH EGYPT (II) to GRENADA (I) (contains 9 Egypt, 8 Falkland, 15 Fiji, 16 Gibraltar, 4 Gilbert and Ellice, 24 Gold Coast, 14 Grenada).

WRITE TO-DAY TO

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Ask to see my approvals. Send 1d. postage and receive FREE—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. pictorial, Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set. New 72-page list, price 1d. — H. G. WATKINS (C.N. Dept), Granville Road, BARNET.

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

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in delicious oil are greatly liked by YOUNG PEOPLE, are good for them, and are not costly.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. ★ They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 13s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 29, 1934

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

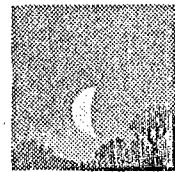
Books for Christmas

ALL Tom's friends and relations knew that he loved books, so they all gave him books as Christmas presents. He found that when he counted them by either 2, 4, or 5 there always remained one odd one.

What was the least number he could have had? *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Saturn and Venus are in the South-



West and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Mars is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Monday, December 31.

Why?

MOTHER: Come along, sonny; it's your bedtime.

Sonny: Oh, mummy, you always make me go to bed when I'm not sleepy and make me get up when I am.

Ici On Parle Français



Un arbre Le tramway La langue
Tree Tram Tongue
Get arbre a perdu ses feuilles.
Ce beau tramway a une impériale.
Le pauvre chien tire la langue.

Transposition

IN autumn season comes my first, 'Tis often seen where sick are nursed.

Behead, transpose, and you will see

My bounteous produce on the tree. Cut off my tail and, strange to say, I now a vegetable display.

Again transpose and you have then An emblem of all foppish men.

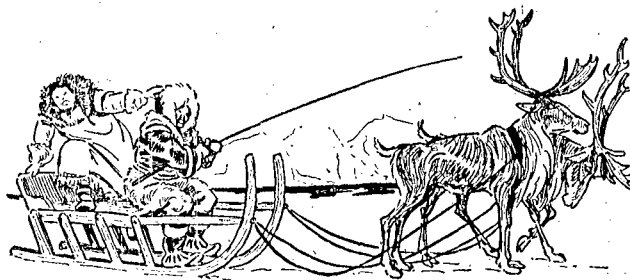
Answer next week

How to Lengthen Our Days

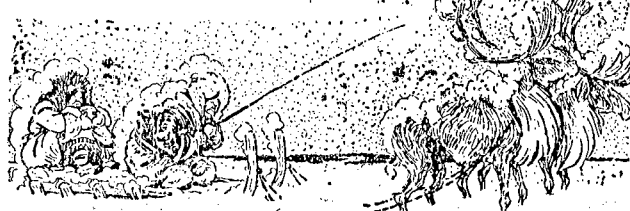
It is strange to think that dwellers in the top storeys of high buildings get a great deal more sunshine than those who live nearer the street level.

If we lived near the summit of the highest skyscraper in New York or at the top of the Eiffel Tower we should secure at least an hour's more sunlight than the rest of the people below us. As the Sun sets the shadow of the Earth climbs up the Eiffel Tower at the rate of a foot in two-and-a-half seconds. At the top of the

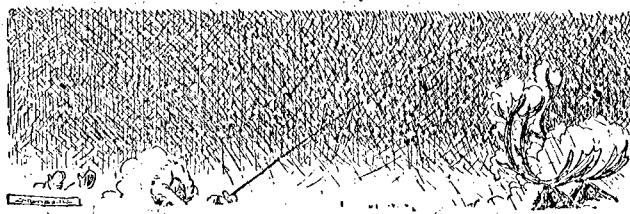
Why Is He Called the Reindeer?



The Reindeer is, as you probably know, The Handy-Man of the Eskimo.

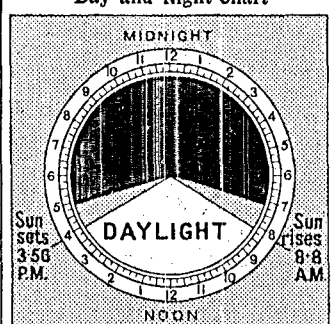


Why he is called the Reindeer no one knows! It never rains there but—of course—it snows.



Tower sunset is 37 minutes later than at the foot, and the sunlight will take a corresponding time in the morning to climb down the Tower. Thus anyone living at the top will get nearly an hour and a quarter more sunshine to his day than other folks in Paris.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 29. The daylight now is getting longer each day.

Hardened To It

BLACK: Your little girl seems to be getting on well with the piano. Some of the tunes are very well played.

WHITE: Do you really mean that? We thought we'd merely got used to it?

Rhyme Riddle

I AM a colour, rich in tone,
Cut off my head and heels
And what remains (here comes the clue)

A gentleman reveals.

Answer next week

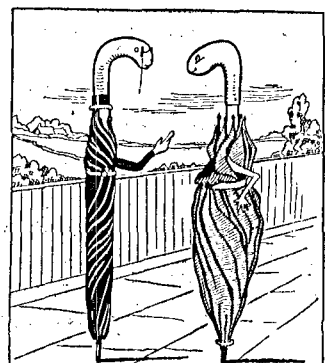
Another Treasure Saved

ARTIST: I've had an offer of £400 from a wealthy American for that picture.

Visitor, looking closely at the masterpiece: I'm afraid I shouldn't offer more than £40 for it.

Artist: You may have it; it's up to us to keep our best pictures in the Old Country.

Good Exercise



MR TOWN UMBRELLA looks extremely neat and trim.

The Country Gamp quite envies him; he is so very slim.

He sighs, "Alas! what can I do to get a little thinner?"

I eat no food from day to day, no breakfast, lunch, or dinner."

"Try rolling," said his friend to him; "the exercise is good."

A roll a day (or so they say) is very slimming food."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Many Turkeys?

He bought 25 at 10s and sold 20 at 12s 6d.

What Is It? Boxing Day

Three Animals

Tiger, elephant, badger

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

D	I	A	L	E	J	E	C	T	B	I	D	E
O	G	A	U	G	E	O	A	S	I	S	T	
B	E	D	S	W	E	B	A	D	A	M		
S	O	N	E	W	E	R	A	T	I	R	E	
M	A	C	E	A	L	T	A	R	E	A	S	E
A	Y	A	R	D	I	E	A	C	H	R		
C	O	S	S	A	S	E	N	A	C	H	R	I
K	N	I	T	S	O	R	E	T	O	U	S	E

Clever Perky

THE lady who lived next door to Eleanor had a clever little terrier named Perky. Eleanor liked nothing better than to be allowed to take him out for his afternoon walk. She and Perky were great friends and had lovely games together.

One afternoon she was going into the village to fetch some gloves her mother had ordered, and to her great delight the next-door lady said Perky might go with her.

So Eleanor set off with the little dog, and they had a fine race to the village, where Eleanor carefully put on his lead before they came to the shops. Perky didn't like being on the lead very much, but he was very good, and trotted along with Eleanor as she came back down the village street with her little parcel of gloves.

As soon as they reached the spinney Eleanor let Perky off, and he dashed about in great excitement, delighted to be free again. Eleanor chased



"Good dog!" cried Eleanor

him all round the bushes and raced with him; then all at once Perky flew off after a scent and disappeared. And, though Eleanor whistled and called, she couldn't see him anywhere.

Then poor Eleanor discovered that, in her hunt for the dog, she had dropped Mummy's little parcel; and she had to start searching for that! She looked everywhere, but it was very difficult because she had been all over the spinney.

Then suddenly, round a little rise, she found Perky: he was crouching down with a small brown packet between his paws and his ears alert, waiting for her to come and play. As soon as he saw her he seized the packet in his mouth and rushed round her in circles.

"Why, Perky, Perky! I believe you've found Mummy's gloves!" cried Eleanor. "Good dog! Bring them here."

But it was quite a little while before Eleanor could get the parcel from Perky, who thought it was just a fine game. When at last she did she found the gloves quite undamaged, so she hugged Perky, and then they both ran home to tell Mummy all about it.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

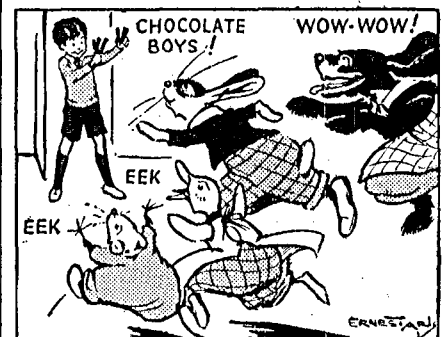
Too many cooks spoil the Rock Cakes



What fun! And what a mess! Flour and water and currants all over the kitchen. All the Cococubs, turned cooks, were busy making rock cakes for tea.



The cakes were cooked. Now for a taste! Oh dear! The cakes really were like rock. Poor Dumpty Doo nearly broke his beak. No cakes, and everyone hungry.



"Never mind," cried Jonathan, "I'll find you something." So he did! Cadbury's Milk Chocolate! Who wants hard cakes when there's chocolate?

So great has been the demand for the Children's Bournville Cocoa that although factories all over the country are working overtime, there aren't enough Cococubs to go round. We can't give you the Cocoa without the toy, so don't be too disappointed if you can't get it in the shops. There will be lots of Cococubs soon.

Wise Things That Seem Foolish



WHO would think, unless he knew the reason why, of burying potatoes and carrots to keep them fresh? Yet it is the best way, and the reason is that vegetables need an even temperature to preserve them, and at a certain depth the temperature of the Earth varies hardly at all. The gardener buries

his celery too—that is to say, he covers it with earth. "A stupid thing to do if you want to make it white," it might be said; but to make it white is exactly why the gardener sets the celery deep in the earth, for the earth keeps out the light and prevents the formation of green colouring matter.